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# WAR SONGS

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GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON



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## INTRODUCTION

As the Valkyrie ride exultant up northern skies to Valhalla, bearing fallen heroes home, spurning fear, pain, and death beneath the hoof-strokes of their galloping horses, the President of the Peace Conference reclines in his opera-box—and yawns. The triumphant rush through the air; the clash of sword and hollow reverberating clang of brazen buckler, the storm and wild joy of battle are in his ears—but he hears not. The sounds are not for him, nor are the shadows that take form and gather fast to the summons of that wild music. Not for him is the phantasmagoria of spectral squadrons wheeling and charging with flashing sabres and fluttering red *lunghis* across the stony plain until they plunge headlong into that cloud of dust and smoke which closes like a curtain behind them. Not for him does the forlorn hope crouch behind the rocky outcrop of the hill, they and their boyish leader with the haunting eyes. Upon their stern faces the cold grey light of early dawn grows momentarily stronger—now, by Heaven, is the time!—But no—swiftly in its turn the picture fades away, and there, dreamlike, rise heavenward in its place the queer-pointed roofs of the city of

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Fenghuangcheng. From a passing rift in the clouds the moon again looks maliciously down upon a solitary adventurer, a stranger in the land, bending over his peony-blossoms and admiring, not without melancholy, these last outposts planted by the vanishing Army of the Czar. All is quiet. Then a murmur, a faint ripple of song from a camp outside the walls. Broader and louder it spreads like the lapping of the waves of the rising tide. Nearer and yet more near; louder, yet louder, swells the sound. It pours in through the bivouacs, across the high walls, into Fenghuangcheng itself, even as a Canadian forest-fire gathers strength from each obstacle and leaps at last upon the town. It is there—it surges over the garden with a roar and a crash! The very guard at the gates are singing. Twenty—thirty thousand—men are singing, with what deep conviction, what fierce energy:—

Sons of Nippon, down with Russia—  
Down with Russia! lay her low.

The phantoms pass, and in their place, beneath the diamond brilliance of a South African sun, lies the great square of Pretoria, its vacant pedestal still waiting for its statue. Before the Parliament-house a platform, and on it Anglicans, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, praising God in unison. Ten thousand victorious British soldiers stand around, rank by rank, and sing. A song of triumph or of vengeance? Not so. Listen to that



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mighty chorus, penetrating even to where bitter, desperate women have locked themselves into their lonely, darkened houses :—

Far-call'd, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The curtain rises. The spell is broken. The President breathes more freely and resumes the reverie on scientific progress and civic reform which had been interrupted by the glory of the marching music. But the audience have felt something within them respond to the passage of those luminous visions. Something assuring them that not in their day will sacrifice be replaced by satiety, heroism by ease, or danger by dullness; and they are content to have it so; for they understand that neither poetry, music, nor religion can long outlive war. Is it not two thousand years since Catullus pointed out the interdependence of hatred and of love? and where, it may be asked, almost with a smile, would be the virtue of chastity in default of its antithesis, lust? Did not even Tolstoi, saintly old man, high-priest of the peace party, learn the mysteries of life and death through war, and write his finest work on war? Did not Walt Whitman, humanitarian of the humanitarians, owe his tenderest flights of fancy to the

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cruel shock of armies, and is it not he, with his profound knowledge of the heart of man, who makes the genius of the old poets prophesy :—

Knowest thou not there is but one theme for  
ever-enduring bards?

And that is the theme of War, the fortune of  
battles,

The making of perfect soldiers?

No—ledgers and bills of lading will never inspire songs of commerce to stir the blood, and fire the spirit, in place of war songs which have come to us echoing down the centuries to the roll of the drum, the whizz of the arrow, and the light-hearted laughter of the soldier. Multi-millionaires may pension off heroes at so many dollars per head, but they only lower their heroic standard when they couple the proclamation of their own munificence with disparagement of men like Wolfe, Nelson, Gordon—or even of that poor Private of the Buffs whose deathless deed is celebrated afresh in this little volume. And one thing is certain : not all the millionaires of America, with all the gold at their backs that ever was sweated out of humanity, will be able to transform runaways into heroes, as soldier leaders of the past have done, ere now, by the mere inspiration of their presence :—

The Grant, MacKenzie, and M'Ky,

Soon as Montrose they did espy,

O then, they fought most valiantly!

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

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It was Fletcher of Saltoun who claimed that if he were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. If he spoke sooth, into what an abyss are we being lured by our music halls. Allured is the word, for there is no natural love of indecency or vulgarity amongst the country folk from whom our soldiers are still so largely drawn, but rather a great deal of appreciation for what is innocent and touching, especially if it be generously seasoned with a very artless and obvious description of sentiment. Last week, within a few hundred yards of where these lines are being written, a crowd of soldiers were gathered together for refreshment in a big marquee after some regimental sports. All were busily engaged in eating; drinking; talking over the events of the day and comparing them with former athletic contests. A journeyman painter, not a soldier, but a Yorkshire lad, one of a gang engaged by a contractor to paint the barracks, began to hum a tune. Several of the men near him were struck by the melody of his voice and bade him sing up. He did so, and gave them 'Alice, where art thou' in a voice sweet, true, and sympathetic, though quite untrained. The company were enchanted. Non-commissioned officers and privates stopped their talk and made him go on and give them song after song, all of the same simple, somewhat sentimental description. It would be easy to relate many similar stories. One more of considerably older date may suffice. A

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prize was once offered by a General Commanding for a song competition, and the theatre was packed by engineers, artillerymen, and infantry of the line. The time-worn theme of the lodger and his crude love-affairs was duly trotted out, and won some meed of applause. The beastly canteen ditty:—

Down by the old canteen,  
There many happy hours I've been,  
A boozin' all the day  
I pass my time away  
Down by the old ca-a-a-anteen!

was joined in and supported with vigour, when, at last, a young drummer of the Hampshire Regiment stepped on to the stage and began a patriotic song. The title is forgotten, and so are most of the words, but two of the lines do still cleave to the memory:—

We've bled together and shed together  
The blood of our bitterest foes.

The audience were electrified. The whole theatre joined in the chorus with extraordinary animation. Venus and Bacchus were forgotten, and the prize was awarded to Mars. In face of such instances it can hardly be maintained that our soldiers have any innate or exclusive preference for equivocal jokes, served up 'as hot as they make 'em' with musical sauce, although, no doubt, like most human beings, variety and vulgarity do not always appeal to them in vain.

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Many of the songs here published have, it must regretfully be allowed, passed from the ken of the Army into the honourable limbo of the classic. With four or five exceptions they are caviare, not, perhaps, to the General, but certainly to the soldier. All British regiments know the tune of 'The British Grenadiers', but even Fusilier battalions who march past to it do not know the words. 'Why, soldiers, why?' is never heard, nor is 'The girl I left behind me', although the bands give every one plenty of it. More flashy modern pieces like 'Soldiers of the Queen', 'Tommy Atkins,' or 'The Boys of the Old Brigade', or 'The deathless Army' with its refrain:—

Marching for the dear old country,  
Marching away to war,  
With the girls we love behind us  
And the flag we love before.

are rapturously received at concerts, but are seldom spontaneously sung when marching. Here and there county corps have their own local march-tunes; but, except temporarily, as a result of pressure from above, the men do not seem to care to sing them. Thus the Lincolns have a fine air of their very own in 'The Lincolnshire Poacher'. The rank and file like the song and are proud of it, but although, at various periods, the words have been printed, and efforts have been made to get them sung on the line of march, they have met with no enduring success. The Middlesex possess an old

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regimental war song, 'The Die Hards,' but it is only sung once a year, on Albuera day. The Manchester Regiment are, as English corps go, exceptionally clever at singing on the march, the favourites being songs of the type of 'Killaloe' and 'Brian Boru', which have a swinging catchy chorus. They have no recognized regimental song. The Liverpool Regiment, geographically so near, sing comparatively little. The Dorsets are shy about singing. The Devons have a local county song, 'Widdicombe Fair,' but rarely, either at concerts or on the line of march, are the exploits of its hero Tom Copley celebrated with musical honours. The Suffolk Regiment are very stolid, and have seldom, if ever, been known to break out into song. The Somersets cherish their old county songs, and twelve of these have been regimentally printed for the use of the men. Unfortunately the tunes are mournful, and better suited to camp life in wet weather than for marching. It needs rain, and plenty of it, to turn the thoughts of a Somersetshire soldier towards song, and only once during the past fine summer did the second battalion enliven military manœuvres by 'To be a Farmer's boy'. An analysis of the twelve songs shows that five fall into the category of sport; four concern themselves with love or marriage; one ('The Farmer's Boy') is a ballad of rustic unemployment and charity; one tells a harrowing tale of perfidy and poison; whilst only one, 'High Germany,' is a war

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song, or rather, a duet on war between a soldier and the girl he is anxious to take along with him :—

O don't you hear the bugles, the route at last has come,  
And we must march away at the beating of the drum.  
Go dress yourself in all your best, and come along  
    with me,  
We're going to the cruel wars in High Germany.

The Royal Fusiliers are the heroes of a modern but inspiring song, 'Fighting with the 7th Royal Fusiliers.' It was composed in the early nineties, and produced such an overwhelming rush of recruits that the authorities could easily, had they so chosen, have raised several additional battalions. As it was, recruiting for the regiment had to be closed for a year, at a period when enlistments for the rest of the Army were not by any means brisk. Who after this can say that the Englishman is unimpressionable and unmusical! The song is now practically extinct, for the enthusiasm it raised was so overdone that all ranks became uncomfortable at the fuss which was being made about their exploits. On the whole, it may be said that regiments from the North of England are more musical than regiments from the South, and that, North or South, battalions recruited from towns are better songsters than country-fed corps. The Scotch are far more in touch with their old songs than the English. 'The Sojers Return,' 'The March of the Cameron men,' 'Scots wha hae,' 'The Blue Bell of Scotland,' 'Bonnie

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Dundee,' and 'Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?' (to take a few at random) are as the very breath of their life to the Scottish soldier. They may not be sung on the march, but to deprive a regiment, whether Highland or Lowland, of its pipes would be to rob it of its martial soul. Welsh soldiers are extremely musical. A Welsh Militia battalion on Salisbury Plain in 1899 used to sing all day and most of the night, but whether the songs were war songs or love songs it would be impossible for any one but a Welshman to say. 'Men of Harlech' and 'Forth to battle' are fine war songs, but, as far as can be recollected, they were never sung by this battalion. There is a tendency in the Welsh military music to fall, metaphorically speaking, into the minor key, and to dwell rather on the pathos of war than on its glories:—

He fought and fell—his stricken corse  
They bore to her abode;

or,

Whilst mother Wales, as she tears her wild tresses,  
Weeps o'er the urns of her mightiest sons.

The Englishman is more practical:—

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'Courage, my  
Soldiers all!

Fight and be valiant, then spoyl you shall have;  
And well rewarded all, from the great to the small:  
But looke that the Women and Children you save!'

*Dub a dub, dub, thus strike their Drums;  
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, the English-men comes!*



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The Scotch are in sympathy with Welsh pathos, but they seem more susceptible to the glamour of war :—

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a';  
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,  
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.

And they are capable also of appreciating its humour :—

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'  
'The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' this morning.'

The Irishman goes a step further and can, in his irresponsible abandon, find fun and frolic even in the bloody drama of the battlefield :—

His spirits are high, and he little knows care,  
Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square.

Imagine the horror of men and women of millennium times when (in the intervals of being spoon-fed by automatons with sugar-candy) they come upon such sentiments as these !

The Irish songs, sung in the Army, are many of them modern, and have worked their way back from America. They are very popular at 'gaffs', where it is not unusual to put regimental words to some such tune as 'The Mulligan Guards'. Thus 'The Mulligan Fusiliers' is a favourite, and so is 'The County Downs'. There is also another American-Irish tune to which are set several different word versions, such as

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‘The Bally-looby Horse’ and ‘Slattery’s Mounted Foot’. Yet if any one has the courage to rise and sing ‘The Minstrel Boy’, ‘Oh! for the swords,’ or ‘She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps’, the spell of the real thing catches hold, and the singer will reap his reward.

Indeed, speaking once more of the Army as a whole, although lukewarm, as compared with German or Russian troops, about singing themselves, they are always glad—eager, indeed, would be the better word—to listen to the singing of others. Further, it is undoubtedly the case that soldiers like a good soldier song most of all. Unfortunately, they have too few opportunities of knowing the best.

Therefore it seems well that these war songs should be published, not only as a help to those who wish to keep alive old associations and sentiments, but also as a legacy to posterity whereby they may learn how their ancestors ‘were a people that jeopardded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field’—finding thus more matter for rejoicing and for song than for sorrow or for lamentation.

IAN HAMILTON.

TIDWORTH,  
*September, 1908.*

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# WAR SONGS

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



# I

## *Now for to tell ȝow will I turn Of þe batayl of Banocburn*

SKOTTES out of Berwik and of Abirdene,  
At þe Bannok burn war ȝe to kene;  
Þare sloȝh ȝe many sakles, als it was sene,  
And now has king Edward wroken it, I wene;  
It es wrokin, I wene, wele wurth þe while;  
War ȝit with þe Skottes for þai er ful of gile.

Whare er ȝe, Skottes of Saint Iohnes toune?  
Þe boste of ȝowre baner es betin all doune;  
When ȝe bosting will bede, sir Edward es boune  
For to kindel ȝow care and crak ȝowre crowne:  
He has crakked ȝowre croune, wele worth þe while;  
Schame bityde þe Skottes for þai er full of gile.

Skottes of Strifflin war steren and stout;  
Of God ne of gude men had þai no dout;  
Now haue þai, þe pelers, priked about;  
Bot at þe last sir Edward rifild þaire rout,  
He has rifild þaire rout, wele wurth þe while,  
Bot euer er þai vnder, bot gaudes and gile.

sakles] innocent. wroken] avenged. War ȝit] be ware  
yet. betin] beaten. bede] offer. boune] ready.  
steren] stern. pelers] thieves. priked about] spurred  
around. rifild] plundered. rout] company. gaudes]  
tricks.

## WAR SONGS

Rughfute riueling, now kindels þi care,  
 Berebag with þi boste, þi biging es bare.  
 Fals wretche and forsworn, whider wiltou fare?  
 Busk þe vnto Brug and abide þare;  
     þare, wretche, saltou won and wery þe while;  
     þi dwelling in Donde es done for þi gile.

þe Skotte gase in Burghes and betes þe stretes,  
 All þise Inglis men harmes he hetes;  
 Fast makes he his mone to men þat he metes,  
 Bot fone frendes he findes þat his bale betes:  
     Fune betes his bale, wele wurth þe while,  
     He vses all threting with gaudes and gile.

Bot many man thretes and spekes ful ill  
 þat sum tyme war better to be stane still;  
 þe Skot in his wordes has wind for to spill,  
 For at þe last Edward sall haue al his will:  
     He had his will at Berwik, wele wurth þe while;  
     Skottes broght him þe kayes, bot get for þaire gile.

riueling] a shoe of untanned hide.      Berebag] bag-bearer.  
 biging] house.      won] dwell.      wery] curse.      gase]  
 goes.      betes] frequents.      hetes] promises.      fone] few.  
 his bale betes] relieve his woe.      stane still] still as a stone.  
 kayes] keys.      get] beware.

# THE SEA FIGHT AT SLUYS

## II

*Lithes and þe batail I sal bigyn  
Of Inglisch men & Normandes in þe Swyn*

MINOT with mowth had menid to make  
Suth sawes & sad for sum mens sake;  
þe wordes of sir Edward makes me to wake,  
Wald he salue vs sone mi sorow suld slake;  
War mi sorow slaked sune wald I sing:  
When God will sir Edward sal vs bute bring.

Sir Philip þe Valas cast was in care;  
And said sir Hugh Kyret to Flandres suld fare,  
And haue Normondes inogh to leue on his lare,  
All Flandres to brin and mak it all bare;  
Bot, vnkind coward, wo was him þare:  
When he sailed in þe Swin it sowed him sare;  
Sare it þam smerted þat ferd out of ffrance;  
þare lered Inglis men þam a new daunce.

þe buriase of Bruge ne war noght to blame;  
I pray Ihesu saue þam fro sin and fro schame,  
For þai war sone at þe Sluse all by a name,  
Whare many of þe Normandes tok mekill grame.

When Bruges and Ipyre hereof herd tell,  
þai sent Edward to wit þat was in Arwell;  
þan had he no liking langer to dwell,  
He hasted him to þe Swin with sergantes snell,

*Lithes*] listen. *Suth sawes*] true sayings. *Wald*] would.  
*bute*] remedy. *leue on his lare*] obey him. *brin*] burn.  
*sowed*] smarted. *ferd*] fared. *lered*] taught. *buriase*]  
*burgesses*. *mekill grame*] much hurt. *snell*] quick.

## WAR SONGS

To mete with þe Normandes þat fals war & fell,  
þat had ment if þai might al Flandres to quell.

King Edward vnto sail was ful sune dight  
With erles and barons and many kene knight:  
þai come byfor Blankebergh on Saint Ions night;  
þat was to þe Normondes a well sary sight.  
ȝit trumped þai and daunced with torches ful bright,  
In þe wilde waniand was þaire hertes light.

Opon þe morn efter, if I suth say,  
A meri man, sir Robard out of Morlay,  
At half eb in þe Swin soght he þe way;  
þare lered men þe Normandes at bukler to play;  
Helpid þam no prayer þat þai might pray;  
þe wrechcs er wonnen, þaire wapin es oway.

þe Erle of Norhamton helpid at þat nede,  
Als wise man of wordes and worthli in wede,  
Sir Walter þe Mawnay, God gif him mede,  
Was bold of body in batayl to bede.

þe duc of Lankaster was dight for to driue,  
With mani mody man þat thocht for to thriue,  
Wele & stalworthly stint he þat striue,  
þat few of þe Normandes left þai oliue;  
Fone left þai oliue bot did þam to lepe;  
Men may find by þe flode a ·C· on hepe.

Sir Wiliam of Klington was eth for to know;  
Mani stout bachilere broght he on raw.

|                          |                         |               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| sary] sorry.             | waniand] waning (moon). | wonnen]       |
| overcome.                | wapin] weapon.          | wede] armour. |
| offer himself.           | mody] proud.            | stint] ended. |
| struggle.                | did] made.              | flode] sea.   |
| bachilere] young knight. | raw] row.               | eth] easy.    |

## THE SEA FIGHT AT SLUYS

It semid with paire schoting als it war snaw;  
 þe bost of þe Normandes broght þai ful law;  
 þaire bost was abated and þaire mekil pride,  
 Fer might þai noght fle bot þare bud þam bide.

þe gude Erle of Glowceter, God mot him glade,  
 Broght many bold men with bowes ful brade;  
 To biker with þe Normandes baldely þai bade  
 And in middes þe flode did þam to wade;  
 To wade war þo wretches casten in þe brim;  
 þe kaitefs come out of France at lere þam to swim.

I prays Iohn Badding als one of þe best;  
 Faire come he sayland out of þe suthwest,  
 To proue of þa Normandes was he ful prest,  
 Till he had foghten his fill he had neuer rest.

Iohn of Aile of þe Sluys with scheltron ful schene  
 Was comen into Cagent, cantly and kene,  
 Bot sone was his trumping turned to tene;  
 Of him had sir Edward his will als I wene.

þe schipmen of Ingland sailed ful swith  
 þat none of þe Normandes fro þam might skriþ.  
 Who so kouth wele his craft þare might it kith:  
 Of al þe gude þat þai gat gaf þai no tithe.

Two hundreth and mo schippes on þe sandes  
 Had oure Inglis men won with þaire handes;  
 þe kogges of Ingland war broght out of bandes,  
 And also þe Cristofir þat in þe streme standes;  
 In þat stound þai stode, with stremers ful still,  
 Til þai wist full wele sir Edwardes will.

|         |          |         |              |            |            |
|---------|----------|---------|--------------|------------|------------|
| bud]    | behoved. | prest]  | ready.       | scheltron] | squadron.  |
| schene] | bright.  | cantly] | gaily.       | tene]      | annoyance. |
| swith]  | quickly. | skriþ]  | escape.      | kouth]     | knew.      |
| show.   | kogges]  | cargo   | or transport | vessels.   |            |

## WAR SONGS

Sir Edward, oure gude king wurthi in wall,  
Faght wele on þat flude, faire mot him fall;  
Als it es custom of king to confort þam all  
So thanked he gudely þe grete and þe small,  
    He thanked þam gudely, God gif him mede,  
    þus come oure king in þe Swin till þat gude dede.

þis was þe bataile þat fell in þe Swin,  
Whare many Normandes made mekill din;  
Wele war þai armed vp to þe chin;  
Bot God and sir Edward gert þaire boste blin,  
    þus blinned þaire boste, als we wele ken:  
    God assoyle þaire sawls, sais all, Amen.

### III

#### *Battle of Otterbourne*

YT fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
    Whan husbondes wynnes ther haye,  
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
    In Ynglond to take a praye.

The yerlle of Fyffe, wythowghten stryffe,  
    He bowynd hym over Sulway;  
The grete wolde ever together ryde;  
    That raysse they may rewe for aye.

Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,  
    And so down by Rodclyffe crage;  
Upon Grene Lynton they lyghted dowyn,  
    Styrande many a stage.

wall] choice.      gert] made.      blin] cease.  
bowynd him] prepared.      raysse] raid.      Styrande]  
rousing.

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

And boldely brente Northomberlond,  
And haryed many a towyn;  
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
To batell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,  
Of comforte that was not colde,  
And sayd, 'We have brente Northomberlond,  
We have all welth in holde.

'Now we have haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
All the welth in the worlde have wee;  
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So styll and stalworthlye.'

Vpon the morowe, when it was day,  
The standerds schone full bryght;  
To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
And thether they cam full ryght.

Syr Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,  
I tell yow wythowtten drede;  
He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,  
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
'Syr Hary Perssy, and thow byste within,  
Com to the fylde, and fyght.

'For we have brente Northomberlonde,  
Thy erytage good and ryght,  
And syne my logeyng I have take,  
Wyth my brande dubbyd many a knyght.'

berne] man.      march-man] borderer.

## WAR SONGS

Syr Harry Perssy cam to the walles,  
The Skottysch oste for to se,  
And sayd, 'And thow hast brente Northomberlond,  
Full sore it rewyth me.

'Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe schyre,  
Thow hast done me grete envye;  
For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.'

'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
Ther mast thow well logeed be.

'The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
To make the game and glee:  
The fawken and the fesaunt both,  
Among on the holtes on hye.

'Ther mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther mast be;  
Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,'  
Sayd Syr Harry Perssye.

'Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'By the fayth of my bodye:'  
'Thether schall I com,' sayd Syr Harry Perssy,  
'My trowth I plyght to the.'

A pype of wyne he gaue them over the walles,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.

The tone] one or other.      roo] roe.      the tyll] to thee.



## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye;  
He toke his logeyng at Oterborne,  
Upon a Wedynsday.

And ther he pyght hys stander dowyng,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldynges gresse.

A Skottysse knyght hoved vpon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye;  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy  
In the dawninge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon-dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne;  
'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For hys love that syttes in trone.

'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For thow maste waken wyth wyne;  
Yender have I spyed the prowde Perssye,  
And seven stondardes wyth hym.'

'Nay, by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,  
'It ys but a fayned taylle;  
He durste not loke on my brede banner  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stondes so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,  
He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'

wynne] pleasure.      brede] broad.

## WAR SONGS

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon-dore,  
To loke and it were lesse;

‘Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.

‘The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,  
The forwarde I gyve to the :  
The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
He schall be wyth the.

‘The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,  
On the other hand he schall be ;  
Lorde Jhonstoune and Lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be wyth me.

‘Swynton, fayre fylde vpon your pryde !  
To batell make yow bowen  
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone !’

The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,  
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght ;  
Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
‘I wyll holde that I haue hyght.

‘For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,  
And done me grete envye ;  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.’

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
Wyth grett wurdes upon hye,  
And sayd, ‘I have twenty agaynst thy one,  
Byholde, and thow maste see.’

eme] uncle.  
promised.

cawte] *for* cant = brisk, bold.

hyght]

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

Wyth that the Perssy was grevyd sore,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
He lyghted dowyn upon his foote,  
And schoote his horsse clene awaye.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That ryall was ever in rowght;  
Every man schoote hys horsse hym froo,  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Perssye toke the fylde,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
The cronykle wyll not layne:  
Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,  
In hast ther came a knyght;  
The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght:

‘My lorde your father he gretes yow well,  
Wyth many a noble knyght;  
He desyres yow to byde  
That he may see thys fyght.

‘The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the west,  
Wyth hym a noble companye;  
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the batell fayne wolde they see.’

schoote] dismissed.  
(the fact).

ryall] royal.

layne] conceal

## WAR SONGS

‘For Jhesus love,’ sayd Syr Harye Perssy,  
 ‘That dyed for yow and me,  
 Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
 And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.

‘My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,  
 It nedes me not to layne,  
 That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,  
 And I have hys trowth agayne.

‘And if that I weynde of thys growende,  
 For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
 In hys londe another daye.

‘Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
 By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
 Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
 Wyth a Skotte another daye.

‘Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake,  
 And let scharpe arowes flee;  
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,  
 And well quyt it schall bee.

‘Every man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
 And marke hym to the Trenite;  
 For to God I make myne avowe  
 Thys day wyll I not flee.’

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
 Hys standerde stode on hye,  
 That every man myght full well knowe;  
 By syde stode starrës thre.

weynde of] wend off.  
 reward.      marke] commit.

lever] rather.

waryson]

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh p[er]te,  
For soth as I yow sayne,  
The lucettes and the cressawntes both;  
The Skottes faught them agayne.

Upon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,  
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
And syne merked them one owr Ynglysshe men,  
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,  
To name they were full fayne :  
Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne ;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne,  
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
That ether of other was fayne ;  
They swapped together whyll that the swette  
Wyth swordes of fyne collayne :

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonettes ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne ;  
'Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.

'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght ;  
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande ;  
Thow art an yerle, or elles a knyght.'

collayne] Cologne steel.      bassonettes] helmets.      roke]  
mist.

## WAR SONGS

'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssye,  
'Now haste thou rede full ryght;  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'

They swappd together whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordës scharpe and long;  
Ych on other so faste thee beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Perssy was a man of strength,  
I tell yow in thys stounde;  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordës length  
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,  
Wyth many a grevous grone;  
Ther the fowght the daye, and all the nyght,  
And many a dowghty man was slayne.

Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,  
But styffely in stowre can stond,  
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,  
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottës syde,  
For soth and sertenly,  
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
That daye that he cowde dye.

stounde] hour.    freke] man.    stowre] fight.    drye]  
endure.

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne,  
Grysely groned upon the growynd;  
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstoune.

Syr Charllës Morrey in that place,  
That never a fote wold fleye;  
Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottës syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes  
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, Syr Jhon Fechewe,  
Yt was the more pety.

Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,  
For hym ther hartes were sore;  
The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,  
That the Perssys standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
Fyve hondert cam awaye.

The other were slayne in the fylde;  
Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wo!  
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
Agaynst so many a foo.

Grysely] frightfully.

## WAR SONGS

Then on the morne they mayde them beerys  
Of byrch and haysell graye;  
Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres,  
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
And the Perssy was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottysh prisoner tayne,  
Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name;  
For soth as I yow saye,  
He borrowed the Perssy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Perssy praye  
To Jhesu most of myght,  
To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,  
For he was a gentyll knyght.

### IV

#### *The Hunting of the Cheviot*

THE Persë owt off Northombarlonde,  
and avowe to God mayd he  
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
off Chyviat within days thre,  
In the magger of doughtë Dogles,  
And all that ever with him be.

makes] mates.

fette] fetched.  
magger] spite.

borrowed] ransomed.



## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat

he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away :

‘Be my feth,’ sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,

‘I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.’

Then the Persë owt off Banborowe cam,

with him a myghtee meany,

With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone ;

the wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

This begane on a Monday at morn,

in Cheviat the hillys so he ;

The chylde may rue that ys vn-born,

it wos the mor pittë.

The dryvars thorowe the woodës went,

for to reas the dear ;

Bomen byckarte vppone the bent

with ther browd aros cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodës went,

on every sydë shear ;

Greahondës thorowe the grevis glent,

for to kyll thear dear.

This begane in Chyviat the hyls abone,

yerly on a Monnyn-day ;

Be that it drewe to the oware off none,

a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort vppone the bent,

the semblyde on sydis shear ;

To the quyrry then the Persë went,

to se the bryttlynge off the deare.

let] hinder.      meany] company.      the] they.      wyld]  
 deer.      grevis] groves.      glent] slipped.      oware]  
 hour.      semblyde] assembled.      sydis shear] various sides.  
 bryttlynge] cutting up.

## WAR SONGS

He sayd, 'It was the Duglas promys  
this day to met me hear;  
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament :'  
a great oth the Persë swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northomberlonde  
lokyde at his hand full ny;  
He was war a the doughetie Doglas commynge,  
with him a myghttë meany.

Both with spear, bylle, and brande,  
yt was a myghtti sight to se;  
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,  
wear not in Cristiantë.

The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,  
withoute any feale;  
The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde  
yth bowndës of Tividale.

'Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he sayd,  
'and to your boÿs lock ye tayk good hede;  
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
had ye never so mickle nede.'

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,  
he rode alle his men beforne;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
a boldar barne was never born.

'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays,  
in the spyt of myn and of me.'

feale] fail.  
glowing coal.

yth] in the.

boÿs] bows.

glede]

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,  
yt was the good lord Persë:

‘We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,’ he says,  
‘nor whos men that we be;

But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
in the spyt of thyne, and of the.

‘The fattiste hartës in all Chyviat  
we have kyld, and cast to carry them away:’

‘Be my troth,’ sayd the doughetë Dogglas agayn,  
‘therfor the ton of us shall de this day.’

Then sayd the doughtë Doglas  
unto the lord Persë:

‘To kyll all thes giltles men,  
alas, it wear great pittè!

‘But, Persë, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd within my contrë;

Let all our men vppone a parti stande,  
and do the battell off the and of me.’

‘Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,’ sayd the lord Persë,  
who-so-ever ther-to says nay!

Be my troth, doughttë Doglas,’ he says,  
‘thow shalt never se that day.

‘Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
nor for no man of a woman born,

But, and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him, on man for on.’

the ton] one or other.      cors] curse.      on] one.

## WAR SONGS

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
Richard Wytharynton was his nam;  
'It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,  
'to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

'I wat youe byn great lordës twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande;  
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
and stande my selffe, and loocke on,  
But whylle I may my weppone welde,  
I wylle not fayle both hart and hande.'

That day, that day, that dredfull day!  
the first fit here I fynde;  
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountyng a the  
Chyviat,  
yet ys ther mor behynde.

. . . . .

The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
ther hartes were good yenoughe;  
The first off arros that the shote off,  
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas vppon the bent,  
a captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
for he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,  
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
With suar spears off myghttë tre,  
the cum in on every syde;

And] if. sloughe] slew. byddys] bides. wouche]  
evil. suar] sure.

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
 gave many a wounde fulle wyde;  
 Many a doughetë the garde to dy,  
 which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let ther boÿs be,  
 and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;  
 It was a hevy syght to se  
 bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,  
 many sterne the strocke done streght:  
 Many a freyke that was fulle fre,  
 ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persë met,  
 lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;  
 The swapte togethar tylle the both swat  
 with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthë freckys for to fyght  
 ther-to the wear fulle fayne,  
 Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,  
 as ever dyd heal or rayne.

‘Yelde the, Persë,’ sayde the Doglas,  
 ‘and i feth I shalle the brynge  
 Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis  
 of Jamy our Skottish kyng.

‘Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,  
 I hight the hear this thinge;  
 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe  
 that ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.’

garde] made. basnites] helmets. myneyeple] gauntlet (?).  
 freyke] man. myllan] Milan steel. heal] hail.  
 hight] promise.

## WAR SONGS

‘Nay,’ sayd the lord Persë,  
‘I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeldyde be  
to no man of a woman born.’

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
forthe off a mightte wane;  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas  
in at the brest-bane.

Thorowe lyvar and longës bathe  
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
That never after in all his lyffe-days  
he sayke mo wordës but ane:  
That was, ‘Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,  
for my lyff-days ben gan.’

The Persë leanyde on his brande,  
and sawe the Douglas de;  
He tooke the dede man by the hande,  
and sayd, ‘Wo ys me for the!’

‘To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have partyd with  
my landes for years thre,  
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
was nat in all the north contrë.’

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggomberry,  
He sawe the Douglas to the deth was dyght,  
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

He rod uppone a corsiare  
throughe a hondrith archery;  
He never stynttyde, nar never blane,  
tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.

wane] number (?).    corsiare] courser.    blane] lingered.

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

He set uppone the lord Persë  
a dynte that was full soare;  
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre  
clean thorow the body he the Persë ber,

A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
a large cloth-yard and mare:  
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantë  
then that day slan wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde  
say slean was the lord Persë;  
He bar a bende bow in his hande,  
was made off trusti tre.

An arow, that a cloth-yarde was lang,  
to the harde stele halyde he;  
A dynt that was both sad and soar  
he sat on Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,  
that he of Monggombyrry sete;  
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar  
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
but still in stour dyd stand,  
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte dre,  
with many a balfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat  
an owar befor the none,  
And when even-songe bell was rang,  
the battell was nat half done.

say] saw.      dre] endure.      owar] hour.

## WAR SONGS

The tocke . . on ethar hande  
be the lyght off the mone ;  
Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
in Chyviat the hillys abon.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
went away but seventi and thre ;  
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
but even five and fifti.

But all wear slayne Cheviat within :  
the hade no strengthe to stand on hy ;  
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
it was the mor pittë.

Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,  
Ser Johan of Agerstone,  
Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly,  
Ser Wylllyam, the bolde Hearone.

Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,  
a knyghte of great renowen,  
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,  
with dyntes were beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
that ever he slayne shulde be ;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Duglas,  
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,  
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,  
his sistar's son was he.



## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,  
that never a foot wolde fle;  
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,  
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
off birch and hasell so gray;  
Many wedous, with wepyng tears,  
cam to fache ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,  
Northombarlond may mayk grat mon,  
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear  
on the March-parti shall never be non.

Word ys comen to Eddenburrowe,  
to Jamy the Skottishe kyng,  
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Marches,  
he lay slean Chyviot within.

His handdës dyd he weal and wryng,  
he sayd, 'Alas, and woe ys me!  
Such an othar captayn Skotland within,'  
he seyde, 'ye-feth shuld never be.'

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,  
till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the Marchis,  
he lay slayne Chyviat within.'

'God have merci on his solle,' sayde kyng Harry,  
'good lord, yf thy will it be!  
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,' he sayd,  
'as good as ever was he:

But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,  
thy deth well quyte shall be.'

makys] mates.      weal and wryng] *for* wring and wail (?).

## WAR SONGS

As our noble kynge made his avowe,  
lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Persë  
he dyde the battel of Hombyll-down :

Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes  
on a day wear beaten down :  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
over castille, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,  
that tear begane this spurn :  
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,  
call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne,  
uppone a Monnynday :  
Ther was the doughtë Doglas sleane,  
the Persë never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the Marche-partës  
sen the Doglas and the Persë met,  
But yt ys mervele and the rede blude ronne not,  
as the reane doys in the stret.

Ihesue Crist our balys bete,  
and to the blys us brynge !  
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat :  
God send us alle good endyng !

reane doys] rain does.      balys bete] relieve our evils.

V

*The Soldiers' Song*

FAREWELL, adew that court like life ;  
 To war we 'tend to go :  
 It is good sport to see the stryfe  
 Of soldyers all arowe.  
 How merily they forward march  
 Their enemyes to slaye,  
 With hay trym, and tryxy too,  
 Their banners they displaye.

Now shall we have the golden cheates,  
 When others want the same,  
 And souldiers have full many feates  
 Their enemyes to tame.  
 With couching here and booming there,  
 They break their foes array,  
 And lusty lads amid the fieldes  
 Their banners do displaye.

The drum and flute play lustily,  
 The trumpet blows amayne,  
 And ventrous knights couragiously  
 Do march before their trayne.  
 With spear in rest, so lively drest  
 In armour bryghte and gaye,  
 With hey trym and trixey too,  
 Their banners they displaye.

JOHN PICKERING.

## WAR SONGS

### VI

#### *For Souldiers*

YE buds of Brutus' land, couragious youths, now play  
your parts ;

Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant  
hearts.

For newes is carried to and fro, that we must forth to  
warfare goe :

Men muster now in euery place, and souldiers are prest  
forth apace.

Faynt not, spend bloud, to doe your Queen and countrey  
good :

Fayre words, good pay, wil make men cast al care away.

The time of Warre is come, prepare your corslet, speare,  
and shield,

Methinks I heare the drumme, strike doleful marches to  
the field ;

Tantara, tantara, the trumpets sound, which makes our  
hearts with joy abound.

The roring guns are heard afar, and everything de-  
nounceth Warre.

Serve God, stand stoute, bold courage brings this  
geare about ;

Feare not, forth run ; faint heart, faire lady never wonne.

Yee curious carpet knights, that spende the time in  
sport and play ;

Abrode, and see new sights, your countrie's cause cals  
you away ;

## FOR SOULDIERS

Doe not to make your ladies game, bring blemish to  
your worthy name,

Away to field and win renoune, with courage beat your  
enimies down :

Stoute hearts gain praise, when dastards sayle in  
Slaunder's seas ;

Hap what hap shal, we sure shal die but once for all.

Alarme methinkes they cry. Be packing, mates ; begone  
with speed ;

Our foes are very nigh ; shame haue that man that  
shrinks at need ;

Unto it boldly let vs stand, God wil geue right the  
vpper hand.

Our cause is good, we need not doubt ; in signe of courage  
geue a showt.

March forth, be strong, good hap wil come ere it be  
long.

Shrinke not, fight well, for lusty lads must beare the bell.

All you that wil shun euil, must dwell in warfare  
euery day ;

The world, the flesh, and diuill, alwayes doe seeke our  
soules decay,

Striue with these foes with all your might, so shal you  
fight a worthy fight.

That conquest doth deserue most praise, wher vice do  
yeeld to vertue's wayes.

Beat down foule sin, a worthy crown then shal ye win ;  
If ye liue wel, in heauen with Christ our soules shal  
dwell.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

## WAR SONGS

### VII

#### *A Farewell to Arms*

*(To Queen Elizabeth)*

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;  
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,  
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :  
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;  
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;  
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :  
But though from court to cottage he depart,  
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—  
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,  
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'  
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right  
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.  
GEORGE PEELE.

## VIII

### *Mary Ambree*

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not  
daunte,

Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,  
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slaine in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,  
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shoue;  
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proof shee strait did provide,  
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,  
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;  
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

My soldiers, she saith, soe valiant and bold,  
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;  
Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

## WAR SONGS

Then' cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did  
say,

Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,  
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,  
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,  
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,  
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the  
daye;

Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,  
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott;  
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
At length she was forced to make a retyre;  
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?



## MARY AMBREE

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;  
To beate down the walles they all did decree:  
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,  
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
There daring their captaines to match any three:  
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Nowe saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give  
To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?  
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must  
bee.

Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,  
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?  
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,  
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight  
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:  
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,  
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?  
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,  
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,  
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;  
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,  
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

## WAR SONGS

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,  
He nere sell my honor for purple nor pall:  
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee  
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,  
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:  
Therefore English captaines of every degree  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

### IX

#### *Lord Willoughby*

*Or, A true relation of a Famous and Bloody  
Battel fought in Flanders, by the noble  
and valiant Lord Willoughby, with  
1,500 English against 40,000 Spaniards,  
where the English obtained a notable  
victory, for the glory and renown of our  
Nation*

THE fifteenth day of July  
with glistering speare and shield,  
A famous fight in *Flanders*  
was foughten in the field:  
The most couragious officers  
was *English* Captains three  
But the bravest man in Battel  
was brave Lord *Willoughby*.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY

The next was Captain *Norris*,  
a valiant man was he ;  
The other Captain *Turner*  
that from field would never flee :  
With fifteen hundred fighting men,  
alas ! there was no more,  
They fought with forty thousand then  
upon the bloody shore.

‘ Stand to it, noble Pike-men,  
and look you round about ;  
And shoot you right, you Bow-men,  
and we will keep them out :  
You Musquet and Calliver men,  
do you prove true to me,  
I’le be the foremost man in fight,’  
says brave Lord *Willoughby*.

And then the bloody enemy  
they fiercely did assail :  
And fought it out most valiantly,  
not doubting to prevail :  
The wounded men on both sides fell,  
most piteous for to see,  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
of brave Lord *Willoughby*.

For seven hours to all men’s view  
this fight endured sore,  
Until our men so feeble grew,  
that they could fight no more :  
And then upon dead Horses  
full savourly they eat,  
And drank the puddle water,  
for no better they could get.

## WAR SONGS

When they had fed so freely,  
they kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly,  
for the favour they had found :  
And bearing up their Colours,  
the fight they did renew,  
And turning toward the *Spaniard*,  
five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed Arrows,  
and Bullets thick did flye,  
Then did our valiant Souldiers  
charge on most furiously :  
Which made the *Spaniards* waver,  
they thought it best to flee,  
They fear'd the stout behaviour  
of brave Lord *Willoughby*.

Then quoth the *Spanish* General,  
'Come, let us march away,  
I fear we shall be spoiled all,  
if that we longer stay :  
For yonder comes Lord *Willoughby*,  
with courage fierce and fell,  
He will not give one inch of ground,  
for all the Devils in Hell.'

And then the fearful enemy  
was quickly put to flight,  
Our men pursued courageously,  
and rout their forces quite :  
And at last they gave a shout,  
which ecchoed through the sky,  
'God and St. *George* for *England* !'  
the conquerors did cry.

## LORD WILLOUGHBY

This news was brought to *England*,  
with all the speed might be,  
And told unto our gracious Queen,  
of this same Victory:  
'O this is brave Lord *Willoughby*,  
my love hath ever won,  
Of all the Lords of honour,  
'tis he great deeds hath done.'

For Souldiers that were maimed,  
and wounded in the fray,  
The Queen allowed a Pension  
of eighteen pence a day:  
Beside, all costs and charges  
she quit and set them free,  
And this she did all for the sake  
of brave Lord *Willoughby*.

Then courage, noble English men,  
and never be dismaid,  
If that we be but one to ten,  
we will not be afraid  
To fight the forraign Enemies,  
and set our Country free,  
And thus I end this bloody bout  
of brave Lord *Willoughby*.

## WAR SONGS

### X

#### *The Winning of Cales by the English*

LONG had the proud *Spaniards* advanted to conquer us,  
Threatening our country with fire and sword;  
Often preparing their Navy most sumptuous  
With all the provision that *Spain* could afford.

*Dub a dub, dub, thus strike their Drums ;*  
*Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, the English-men comes !*

To the Seas presently went our Lord Admirall,  
With Knyghts couragious, and Captaines full good ;  
The Earl of *Essex*, a prosperous Generall,  
With him prepared to passe the salt floode.

*Dub a dub, &c.*

At *Plymouth* speedily took they shipp valiantly,  
Braver shippes never were seen under sayle ;  
With their fayre Colours spread, and streamers o're  
their head,

Now, bragging *Spanyards*, take heed of your taylor.

*Dub a dub, &c.*

Unto *Cales*, cunningly, came we most speedilye,  
Where the King's Navy did secretelye ride,  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of Sacke,  
Ere that the *Spanyards* our coming descry'd.

*Tan-ta-ra rara, the English-men comes ;*  
*Bounce-a-bounce, bounce-a-bounce, off went the Guns.*

Great was the crying, running and ryding,  
Which at that season was made in that place ;  
Then Beacons were fyred, as need then required,  
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.

*'Alas !' they cryed, 'English-men comes,' &c.*

## THE WINNING OF CALES

There you might see the shippes, how they were fired  
fast,

And how the men drowned them selues in the Sea :  
There you may hear them cry, wail and weep  
piteously,

When as they saw no shift to escape thence away.  
*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

The great *Saint Philip*, the Pryde of the *Spaniards*,  
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunke in the sea ;  
But the *Saint Andrew*, and eke the *Saint Matthew*,  
We took in fight manfully, and brought them away.  
*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

The Earl of *Essex*, most valyant and hardy,  
With horse-men and foot-men march'd towards the  
Towne,

The enemies which saw them, full greatly affrighted,  
Did fly for their safe-guard, and durst not come  
downe.

*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'Courage, my Soldiers  
all !

Fight and be valiant, then spoyl you shall have ;  
And well rewarded all, from the great to the small :  
But looke that the Women and Children you save !'  
*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

The *Spaniards*, at that sight, saw 'twas in vain to  
fight,

Hung up their Flags of truce, yielding the Town ;  
We march'd in presently, decking the walls on high  
With our *English* Colours, which purchas'd renown.  
*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

## WAR SONGS

Ent'ring the houses then, and of the richest men,  
For Gold and Treasure we searched each day;  
In some places we did find Pye baking in the oven,  
Meat at the fyre roasting, and men run away.

*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

Full of rich merchandize every shop we did see,  
Damask, and sattins, and velvet full fair;  
Which Soldiers measure out by the length of their  
Swords,  
Of all commodities each one hath a share.

*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

Thus *Cales* was taken, and our brave Generall  
March'd to the Market-place, where he did stand;  
There many prisoners of good account were took;  
Many crav'd Mercy, and Mercy they found.

*Dub-a-dub, &c.*

When as our brave Generall saw they delayed time,  
And would not ransom their Town as they said,  
With their faire wainscots, their presses and bedsteads,  
Their joint-stooles and tables, a fyre we made.

*And when the Town burned all in a flame,  
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra rara, from thence we  
came.*

THOMAS DELONEY.



## XI

### *The Winning of the Isle of Man*

THE noble earl of Salisbury,  
With many a hardy knight,  
Most valiantly prepar'd himself  
Against the Scots to fight.  
With his spear and his shield,  
Making his proud foes to yield,  
Fiercely on them all he ran,  
To drive them from the Isle of Man,  
Drums striking on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they go,  
Tan ta ra ra tan.

Their silken ensigns in the field  
Most gloriously were spread,  
The horse-men on their prancing steeds,  
Struck many Scotchmen dead;  
The brown bill on their corselets ring,  
The bow-men with their gray goose-wing,  
The lusty lances, the piercing spear,  
The soft flesh of their foes to tear:  
Drums beating on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they go,  
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battle was so fierce and hot,  
The Scots for fear did flie,  
And many a famous knight and squire  
In gory blood did lie,  
Some thinking for to 'scape away  
Did drown themselves within the sea;

## WAR SONGS

Some with many a bloody wound,  
Lay gasping on the clayey ground;  
Drums beating on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they go,  
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus after many a brave exploit,  
That day perform'd and done,  
The noble earl of Salisbury  
The Isle of Man had won:  
Returning then most gallantly  
With honour, fame, and victory:  
Like a conqueror of fame,  
To Court this warlike champion came;  
Drums beating in a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they go.  
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Our king rejoycing at this act,  
Incontinent decreed,  
To give the earl this pleasant isle,  
For his most valiant deed.  
And forthwith did cause him then  
For to be crowned king of Man,  
Earl of Salisbury,  
King of Man by dignity:  
Drums beating on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they go,  
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

This was the first king of Man,  
That ever bore the name,  
Knight of the princely garter blew,  
And order of great fame,

## THE WINNING OF THE ISLE OF MAN

Which brave king Edward did devise,  
And with his person royalize :  
Knights of the Garter are they call'd,  
And eke at Windsor so install'd,  
Which princely royalty  
Great fame, and dignity,  
This knighthood still is held.

### XII

WE be soldiers three,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree;*  
Lately come forth of the Low Countrie,  
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree;*  
To all good fellows, wherever they be,  
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me thus,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree;*  
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,  
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boys, charge it again,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree;*  
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,  
With never a penny of money.

## WAR SONGS

### XIII

#### *For the Victory at Agincourt*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and myzt of chivalry;  
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry

*Deo gratias :*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;  
That toune he wan, and made a fray,  
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,  
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;  
He spared no drede of leste, ne most,  
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,  
Thorow grace of God most myzty  
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,  
And some were ledde in to Lundone  
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

## FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,  
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,  
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,  
That we with merth mowe savely synge

*Deo gratias :*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

### XIV

#### *Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory*

AGINCOURT, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Where English slue and hurt  
All their French foemen ?  
With our pikes and bills brown,  
How the French were beat downe,  
Shot by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt,  
Never to be forgot  
Or known to no men ?  
Where English cloth-yard arrows  
Kill'd the French like tame sparrows,  
Slaine by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt,  
Where we won field and fort ?  
French fled like women

## WAR SONGS

By land, and eke by water;  
Never was seene such slaughter,  
    Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
Know ye not Agincourt?  
English of every sort,  
    High men and low men,  
Fought that day wondrous well, as  
All our old stories tell us,  
    Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
Know ye not Agincourt?  
Either tale, or report,  
    Quickly will show men  
What can be done by courage,  
Men without food or forage,  
    Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
Know ye not Agincourt?  
Where such a fight was fought,  
    As, when they grow men,  
Our boys shall imitate;  
Nor need we long to waite;  
    They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
Know ye not Agincourt?  
Where our fifth Harry taught  
    Frenchmen to know men:  
And when the day was done,  
Thousands there fell to one  
    Good English bowman.

## THE ENGLISH BOWMAN'S GLORY

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Huzza for Agincourt !  
When that day is forgot  
    There will be no men.  
It was a day of glory,  
And till our heads are hoary  
    Praise we our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
When our best hopes were nought,  
    Tenfold our foemen.  
Harry led his men to battle,  
Slue the French like sheep and cattle :  
    Huzza ! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
O, it was noble sport !  
    Then did we owe men ;  
Men, who a victory won us  
'Gainst any odds among us :  
    Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Dear was the victory bought  
    By fifty yeomen.  
Ask any English wench,  
They were worth all the French :  
    Rare English bowmen !

## WAR SONGS

### XV

#### *To the Cambro-Britans and their Harpe, his Ballad of Agincourt*

FAIR stood the wind for France  
When we our sails advance ;  
Nor now to prove our chance  
    Longer will tarry.  
But putting to the main ;  
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train  
    Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marcheth towards Agincourt  
    In happy hour ;  
Skirmishing, day by day,  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French General lay  
    With all his Power.

Which, in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride ;  
His ransom to provide,  
    To the King sending,  
Which he neglects the while  
As from a nation vile ;  
Yet, with an angry smile,  
    Their fall portending.



## BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then :  
' Though they to one be ten  
Be not amazèd !

Yet have we well begun ;  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raisèd !'

' And for myself,' quoth he,  
' This my full rest shall be :  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
Nor more esteem me !

Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain ;  
Never shall She sustain  
Loss to redeem me !

' Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell.

No less our skill is,  
Than when our Grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat,  
Lopped the French lillies.'

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager Vanward led ;  
With the Main, Henry sped  
Among his henchmen :

Exeter had the Rear,  
A braver man not there !  
O Lord, how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen !

## WAR SONGS

They now to fight are gone;  
Armour on armour shone;  
Drum now to drum did groan;  
    To hear, was wonder.  
That, with the cries they make,  
The very earth did shake;  
Trumpet, to trumpet, spake;  
    Thunder, to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham!  
Which didst the signal aim  
    To our hid forces:  
When, from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English Archery  
    Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
    Piercing the weather.  
None from his fellow starts;  
But, playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw;  
And forth their bilbowes drew,  
And on the French they flew;  
    Not one was tardy.  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went:  
    Our men were hardy.

## BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

This while our noble King,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding  
    As to o'erwhelm it.

And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester that Duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
    With his brave brother.

Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a Maiden Knight,  
Yet in that furious fight,  
    Scarce such another !

Warwick, in blood did wade ;  
Oxford, the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
    Still as they ran up ;  
Suffolk his axe did ply ;  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily ;  
    Ferrers, and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day,  
Fought was this noble Fray,  
Which Fame did not delay  
    To England to carry.

O when shall English men  
With such acts fill a pen ?  
Or England breed again  
    Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## WAR SONGS

### XVI

#### *The Battle of Pelusium*

ARM, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,  
Keep your Ranks close, and now your honours win.  
Behold, from yonder Hill the Foe appears,  
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,  
Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring;  
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,  
The vant-guard marches bravely, hark, the Drums—  
*dub, dub.*

They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes :  
See how the Arrows fly  
That darken all the Skye;  
Hark how the Trumpets sound,  
Hark how the Hills rebound.—*Tara, tara, tara,*  
*tara, tara.*

Hark how the Horses charge: in Boys, Boys in,  
The Battel totters, now the wounds begin;  
O how they cry,  
O how they dy!

Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with thunder,  
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:

They flye, they flye, *Eumenes* has the Chace,  
And brave *Polybius* makes good his place.

To the Plains, to the Woods,  
To the Rocks, to the Floods,  
They flie for succour; Follow; follow, follow,  
*Hey, hey.*

Hark how the Souldiers hollow  
Brave *Diocles* is dead,  
And all his Souldiers fled,  
The Battel's won, and lost,  
That many a life hath cost.

## XVII

### *Sir John Suckling's Campaigne*

SIR JOHN he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight  
With halfe so gay a bravada,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on  
a book,  
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,  
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,  
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?  
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a:  
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,  
Who took him for John de Wert-a;  
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

## WAR SONGS

For when the Scots army came within sight,  
And all prepared to fight-a,  
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,  
He swore he must sleep all night-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,  
To quarter him in the van-a,  
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,  
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,  
Some ten miles back and more-a ;  
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,  
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

## XVIII

### *The Maunding Souldier ; Or, The fruits of Warre is Beggery*

Good, your worship, cast your eyes  
Upon a souldier's miseries !  
Let not my leane cheekes, I pray,  
Your bounty from a souldier stay,  
But, like a noble friend,  
Some silver lend,  
And Jove shall pay you in the end :  
And I will pray that Fate  
May make you fortunate  
In heavenly, and in earth's, estate.

## THE MAUNDING SOULDIER

To beg I was not borne, sweet Sir,  
And therefore blush to make this stirre;  
I never went from place to place  
For to divulge my wofull case:  
    For I am none of those  
    That roguing goes,  
That, maunding, shewes their drunken blowes,  
    Which they have onely got  
    While they have bang'd the pot  
In wrangling who should pay the shot.  
I scorne to make comparison  
With those of Kent-street garrison,  
That in their lives nere crost the seas,  
But still at home have lived at ease;  
    Yet will they lye and sweare,  
    As though they were  
Men that had travel'd farre and neere;  
    True souldiers' company  
    Doth teach them how to lye;  
They can discourse most perfectly.  
But I doe scorne such counterfaits  
That get their meanes by base deceits:  
They learne of others to speake Dutch;  
Of Holland they'l tell you as much  
    As those that have bin there  
    Fule many a yeere,  
And name the townes all farre and neere;  
    Yet they never went  
    Beyond Graves-end in Kent,  
But in Kent-street their dayes are spent.  
[They] in Olympicke games have beene,  
Whereas brave battels I have seene;

## WAR SONGS

And where the cannon[s] used to roare  
My proper spheare was evermore;  
The danger I have past,  
Both first and last,  
Would make your worship's selfe agast;  
A thousand times I have  
Been ready for the grave;  
Three times I have been made a slave.  
Twice through the bulke I have been shot;  
My braines have boylèd like a pot:  
I have at lest these doozen times  
Been blowne up by those roguish mines  
Under a barracado,  
In a bravado,  
Throwing of a hand-granado;  
Oh! death was very neere,  
For it took away my eare,  
And yet, thanke God! ch'am here, ch'am here.  
I have uppon the seas been tane  
By th' Dunkerks, for the King of Spaine,  
And stript out of my garments quite,  
Exchanging all for canvis white;  
And in that poore aray  
For many a day  
I have been kept, till friends did pay  
A ransome for release;  
And having bought my peace,  
My woes againe did fresh increase.  
There's no land-service as you can name  
But I have been actor in the same;  
In th' Palatinate and Bohemia  
I served many a wofull day;



## THE MAUNDING SOULDIER

At Frankendale I have,  
Like a souldier brave,  
Receiv'd what welcomes canons gave;  
For the honour of England  
Most stoutly did I stand  
Gainst the Emperour's and Spinolae's band.

At push of pike I lost mine eye;  
At Bergen siege I broke my thigh;  
At Ostend, though I were a lad,  
I laid about me as I were mad.  
Oh, you would little ween  
That I had been  
An old, old souldier to the Queene;  
But if Sir Francis Vere  
Were living now and here,  
Hee'd tell you how I slasht it there.

Since that, I have been in Breda  
Besieg'd by Marquesse Spinola;  
And, since that, made a warlike dance  
Both into Spaine and into France;  
And there I lost a flood  
Of noble blood,  
And did but very little good:  
And now I home am come,  
With ragges about my bumme,  
God bless you, Sir, from this poore summe!

And now my case you understand,  
Good Sir, will you lend your helping hand?  
A little thing will pleasure me,  
And keepe in use your charity:

## WAR SONGS

It is not bread nor cheese,  
Nor barrell lees,  
Nor any scraps of meat, like these;  
But I doe beg of you  
A shilling or two,  
Sweet Sir, your purse's strings undoe.

I pray your worship, thinke on me,  
That am what I doe seeme to be—  
No rooking rascall, nor no cheat,  
But a souldier every way compleat;  
I have wounds to show  
That prove 'tis so;  
Then, courteous good Sir, ease my woe;  
And I for you will pray  
Both night and day  
That your substance never may decay.  
MARTIN PARKER.

## XIX

### *Brittaines Honour*

You noble *Brittaines* bold and hardy,  
That justly are deriv'd from Brute,  
Who were in battell ne're found tardy,  
But still will fight for your repute;  
'Gainst any hee,  
What e'r a' be,  
Now for your credit list to me,  
Two *Welchmens* valour you shall see.

## BRITAINES HONOUR

These two undaunted Troian worthies,  
(Who prized honour more then life,)  
With Royall *Charles*, who in the North is,  
To salve (with care) the ulcerous strife ;

Which frantick sots,  
With conscious spots,  
Bring on their soules ; these two hot shots,  
Withstood full fiftene thousand *Scots*.

The manner how shall be related,  
That all who are King *Charles* his friends  
May be with courage animated,  
Unto such honourable ends ;

These cavaliers,  
Both Musquetiers,  
Could never be possest with feares,  
Though the *Scots* Army nigh appeares.

Within their workes neere Tyne intrench'd  
Some of our Soveraignes forces lay ;  
When the *Scots* Army came, they flinched,  
And on good cause retyr'd away ;

Yet blame them not,  
For why the *Scot*,  
Was five to one, and came so hot,  
Nothing by staying could be got.

Yet these two Martialists so famous,  
One to another thus did say ;  
Report hereafter shall not shame us,  
Let *Welchmen* scorne to runne away ;

Now for our King,  
Let's doe a thing  
Whereof the world shall loudly ring,  
Unto the grace of our off-spring.

## WAR SONGS

The vaunting *Scot* shall know what valour,  
Doth in a *Britains* brest reside ;  
They shall not bring us any dolour ;  
But first we'll tame some of their pride.

What though we dy,

Both thee and I ?

Yet this we know assuredly,  
In life and death ther's victory.

With this unbounded resolution,  
These branches of *Cadwalader* ;  
To put their wills in execution,  
Out of their trenches would not stir,

But all night lay,

And would not stray,

Out of the worke, and oth' next day,  
The *Scots* past o'r in Battell aray.

The hardy *Welchmen* that had vowed,  
Like *Jonathan* unto his *David* ;  
Unto the *Scots* themselves they showed,  
And so couragiously behaved

Themselves that they

Would ne'r give way,

But in despite oth' foe would stay,  
For nothing could their minds dismay.

Even in the Jawes of death and danger  
Where fifteene thousand was to two,  
They still stood to't and (which is stranger)  
More then themselves they did subdue.

Courage they cry'd ;

Lets still abide,

Let *Brittaines* fame be dignifi'd,  
When two the Scottish hoasts defi'de.

## BRITAINES HONOUR

At length (when he two *Scots* had killed)  
One of them bravely lost his life,  
His strength and courage few excelled ;  
Yet all must yeeld to th' fatall knife.

    The other hee,  
    Having slaine three,  
Did Prisoner yeeld himselfe to be,  
But now againe he is set free.

This is the story of these victors,  
Who as they sprung oth' *Troians* race,  
So they did shew like two young *Hectors* ;  
Unto their enemies disgrace ;

    Hereafter may,  
    Times children say,  
Two valiant *Welchmen* did hold play,  
With fiftene thousand *Scots* that day.

His Maiesty in Princely manner,  
To give true vertue its reward ;  
The man surviving more to honour,  
Hath in particular regard.

    Thus valiant deeds,  
    Reward succeeds,  
And from that branch, which valour breeds,  
All honourable fruit proceeds.

Now some may say (I doe confesse it)  
That all such desperate attempts  
Spring only from foolehardinesse ; yet  
Who ever this rare deed exempts,

    From valour true,  
    (if him I knew)  
I would tell him (and 'twere but due)  
Such men our Soveraigne hath too few.



*The Soldier's Fortune ; Or, The Taking  
of Mardike*

WHEN first *Mardike* was made a prey,  
'Twas courage that carried the Fort away ;  
Then do not lose your Valor's Prize,  
By gazing on your Mistress' eyes ;  
But put off your Petticoat-Parley :  
Potting and sotting, and laughing and quaffing Canary,  
Will make a good soldier miscarry,  
And never travel for true Renown.  
Then turn to your martial Mistriss,  
Fair *Minerva*, the Soldier's sister is ;  
Rallying and sallying, with gashing and slashing of  
wounds, sir,  
With turning and burning of Towns, sir,  
Is a high step to a great Man's Throne.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,  
And his Tun shall overflow the Town ;  
And give the Cobler Sword and Fate,  
And a Tinker may trappan the State :  
Such fortunate Foes as these be,  
Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby* ;  
Father and Mother, and sister and brother con-  
founded,  
And many a good Family wounded,  
By a terrible turn of Fate.  
He that can kill a man, thunder and plunder the  
town, sir,  
And pull his enemies down, sir,  
In time may be an officer great.

## WAR SONGS

It is the Sword do's order all,  
Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall ;  
All syllogisms in vain are spilt,  
No Logick like a Basket-Hilt ;  
It handles 'em joynt by joynt, sir ;  
Quilling and drilling, and spilling and killing profoundly,  
Untill the Disputers on th' ground lye,  
And have never a word to say :  
Unless it be 'quarter, quarter,' truth is confuted by  
a carter,  
By stripping and nipping, and ripping ; quipping  
Erasions,  
Doth conquer a power of perswasions :  
*Aristotle* hath lost the Day.

The Musket bears so great a Force,  
To Learning it has no remorse ;  
The Priest, the Layman, and the Lord,  
Find no distinction from the Sword ;  
*Tan-tarra, tan-tarra* the Trumpet,  
Has blown away *Babylon's* strumpet.  
Now the Walls begin to crack  
The Counsellors are struck dumb, too,  
By the parchment upon the Drum, too ;  
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, an  
Alarum,  
Each Corporal now can out-dare 'um,  
Learned *Littleton* goes to wrack.  
Then since the sword so bright doth shine,  
We'll leave our wenches and our wine,  
And follow *Mars* where e'er he runs,  
And turn our pots and pipes to guns :



## THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE

The Bottles shall be Granadoes,  
We'll bounce about the Bravadoes;  
By huffing and puffing, and snuffing and cuffing the  
[Spaniard],  
Whose brows had been dy'd in a [Tan-yard],  
Well-got Fame is a Warrior's Wife,  
The Drawer shall be the Drummer,  
We'll be Collonels all next summer;  
By hilding and tilting, and pointing and joynting,  
like brave Boys,  
We shall have Gold, or a Grave, Boys,  
And there's an end of a Soldier's Life.

### XXII

#### *Law lies a Bleeding*

LAY by your Pleading,  
Law lies a bleeding,  
Burn all your Studdies down,  
and throw away your reading;  
Small power the word has,  
And doth afford us,  
Not so many Priviledges  
halfe as the Sword does;  
It fosters your Masters,  
And plasters Dissasters,  
And makes the Servants quickly  
Greater then their Masters;  
It venter, it enters,  
It circles, it centers,  
And makes an Apprentice Free  
in spite of his Indenters.

## WAR SONGS

This takes down tall things,  
And sets up small things ;  
This masters mony too, though  
mony masters all things.  
It is not in season  
For to talk of reason,  
Or call it Loyal when the  
Sword will have it Treason ;  
It conquers the Crown too,  
The Cloak and the Gown too :  
This sets up a Prisbiter,  
and pulls him downe too.  
The subtle Deceiver,  
Turnes Bonnet into Beaver,  
Down drops a Bishop and  
up starts a Weaver.

This makes a Lay-man,  
To Preach and to Pray, man.  
This will make a Lord of him  
that was but a Dray-man.  
Forth from the dull-pit,  
Of Follies full-pit,  
This brought an Hebrew Iron-  
monger into the Pulpit :  
Such pitifull things be,  
Happier than Kings be ;  
Here comes in the Haraldrie  
of Thimble and Slingsby :  
No Gospel can guide it,  
No Law can decide it,  
Either in the Church or State,  
till the Sword hath Saintify'd it.

## LAW LIES A BLEEDING

Down go your Law-tricks,  
Forth from the Matrix  
Sprung holy *Husons* power  
and tumbled down Saint *Patrick's* :  
The Sword did prevail so  
Mightily in *Wals* too,  
*Shinkin ap Powel* cries and swears  
Cuds-plu-ter-nails too.  
In *Scotland* this waster,  
Did breed such disaster,  
That they brought their mony back,  
For which they sold their Master ;  
They battered my Gun-dork,  
And so they did my Dum-fork  
That he is fled and swears  
that the Devill is in *Dunkirk*.

He that can tower,  
Over him that is lower ;  
Would be thought a Foole  
to give away his power.  
Take Bookes and rent them  
Who would Invent them,  
When as the Sword replies  
*Negatur Argumentum* :  
The Grand-Coledge Butlers  
Must vail to the Sutlers ;  
There's not a Library like  
unto the Cutlers.  
The blood that is spilt sir,  
Is turned into guilt sir :  
Thus have you seen me run  
My Sword up to the hilt sir.

## WAR SONGS

### XXIII

#### *The Cavalier's Song*

HE that is a cleer

Cavalier

Will not repine,

Although

His Substance grow

So very low,

That he cannot drink Wine.

*Fortune* is a Lass

Will embrace,

And soon destroy ;

Free born,

In Libertine,

We'll ever be,

Singing *Vive le Roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,

And *Fortune* is a Whore ;

There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,

Or her Power implore.

He that is a trusty *Roger*,

And hath serv'd his King :

Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,

Yet he will skip and Sing :

Whilst he that fights for Love,

May in the way of Honour prove,

And they that make sport of us,

May come short of us,

Fate will Flatter them,

And will scatter them,

Whilst the Royalty,

Looks upon Loyalty,

## THE CAVALIER'S SONG

We that live peaceably,  
May be successfully,  
Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real Honest Man,  
May be utterly undone,  
To show his Allegiance,  
His love and Obedience,  
But that will raise him up,  
Virtue weighs him up,  
Honour stays him up,  
And we'll praise him ;  
Whilst the fine Courtier Dine,  
With his full bowls of Wine,  
Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then,  
                    Honest Men,  
And Kick at Fate,  
                    We  
May live to see  
                    Our Loyalty,  
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a Word, or a Sword,  
'Gainst the Throne ;  
Or doth prophanely prate,  
To wrong the State,  
Hath but little for his own.

### Chorus.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,  
Be the prosperous Men ;  
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,  
When we come to 't agen :

## WAR SONGS

Treachery may be fac'd with light,  
And Leachery lin'd with furr;  
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,  
'Tis Fortune *de la gar*:

But what is that to us, Boys,  
That now are Honest Men;  
We'll conquer and come agen,  
Beat up the Drum agen,  
Hey for Cavaliers,  
Joy for Cavaliers,  
Pray for Cavaliers;  
Dub, a dub, dub,  
Have at old *Belzebub*,  
*Oliver* stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bullies,  
And every Sect in Town;  
We'll rally, and to 't agen,  
Give em the rout agen,  
When they come agen,  
Charge 'em home agen,  
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,  
This is the Life of an honest poor Cavalier.

## XXIV

### *Killiecrankie*

CLAYERS and his Highlandmen

Came down upon the raw, man;  
 Who, being stout, gave mony a clout,  
 The lads began to claw then.  
 Wi' sword and targe into their hand,  
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man,  
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,  
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,  
 She flang amang them a', man;  
 The Butter-box got mony knocks;  
 Their riggings paid for a', then.  
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straits,  
 Which to their grief they saw, man;  
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa', then.

Hur skipp'd about, hur leapt about,  
 And flang amang them a', man;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then;  
 The durk and door made their last hour,  
 And prov'd their final fa', man;  
 They thocht the Devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sic a paw, man.

raw] row.  
 durk] dagger.

stank] pond.  
 door] spear.

paiks] pokes.

## WAR SONGS

The solemn league and covenant  
Came whigging up the hill, man,  
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse  
For to subscribe their bills then;  
In Willie's name, they thought nae ane  
Durst stop their course at a', man;  
But hur nain sell, wi' mony a knock,  
Cried: 'Furich, Whigs awa, man.'

Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true  
Came linking up the brink, man;  
The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,  
They bred a horrid stink then.  
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,  
Came in amang them a', man;  
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand;  
A' fled and ran awa then.

*Oh on a ri! oh on a ri!*  
Why should she lose King Shames, man?  
*Oh rig in di! oh rig in di!*  
She shall break a' her banes, then;  
With *furichinish*, and stay awhile,  
And speak a word or twa, man,  
She's gie a straik out-o'er the neck,  
Before ye win awa, then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane!  
Hur nain sell's won the day, man.  
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
Because they ran away, then.

nain sell] own self.      linking] hurrying.



## KILLIECRANKIE

Had bent their brows, like Highland trews,  
And make as lang a stay, man,  
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,  
And Willie'd run awa, then.

### XXV

#### *The Woman Warrior*

*Who liv'd in Cow-Cross near West-Smith-  
field; who, changing her Apparel,  
entered her self on Board in Quality of  
a Soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where  
she Valiantly behaved her self, particu-  
larly at the Siege of Cork, where she  
lost her Toes, and received a Mortal  
Wound in her Body, of which she since  
Died in her return to London*

LET the Females attend  
To the Lines which are penn'd,  
For here I shall give a Relation,  
Of a young marry'd Wife,  
Who did venture her Life,  
For a Soldier, a Soldier she went from the Nation.

She her Husband did leave,  
And did likewise receive  
Her Arms, and on Board she did enter;  
And right valiantly went  
With a resolution bent,  
To the Ocean, the Ocean her life there to venture.

## WAR SONGS

Yet of all the Ship's crew  
Not a Seaman that knew  
They then had a Woman so near 'em;  
On the Ocean so deep,  
She her Council did keep.  
Ay, and therefore, and therefore she never did fear 'em.

She was valiant and bold,  
And would not be controul'd,  
By any that dare to offend her:  
If a quarrel arose,  
She would give him dry blows,  
And the Captain, the Captain did highly commend her.

For he took her to be,  
Then of no mean degree,  
A Gentleman's son or a 'Squire;  
With a hand white and fair,  
There was none could compare,  
Which the Captain, the Captain did often admire.

On the *Irish* Shore,  
Where the Cannons did roar,  
With many stout Lads she was landed;  
There her life to expose,  
She lost two of her Toes  
And in battle, in battle was daily commended.

Under *Grafton* she fought,  
Like a brave Hero stout,  
And made the proud Tories retire;  
She in field did appear  
With a heart void of fear,  
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give fire.

## THE WOMAN WARRIOR

While the battering Balls,  
Did assault the strong Walls  
Of *Cork*, and the sweet trumpets sounded;  
She did bravely advance  
Where by unhappy chance  
This young female, young female, alas! she was  
wounded.

At the end of the fray,  
Still she languishing lay,  
Then over the Ocean they brought her;  
To her own Native Shore,  
Now they ne'er knew before,  
That a Woman, a Woman had been in that slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd,  
Now at length she reveal'd,  
That she was a Woman that ventur'd;  
Then to *London* with care,  
She did straitways repair,  
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the city she enter'd.

When her Parents beheld  
They with Sorrow was fill'd,  
For why they did deeply adore her:  
In her grave now she lies,  
'Tis not watery Eyes,  
No, nor sighing, nor sighing that e'er can restore her.

## WAR SONGS

### XXVI

#### *The Courageous English Boys of several Trades and Callings ;*

*As Weavers, Shoomakers, Butchers, Dyers  
and Hatters, in City and Country, whose  
Resolution is to March into Flanders  
after King William, to relieve that  
Country from the French Cruelty, and  
from thence March with him to Conquer  
France*

BRAVE Boys, we shall soon have an Army of those,  
That will both the *French* and the *Papists* oppose,  
What tho' they do now on the Protestants frown,  
It is not those *Romans* that shall run us down ;  
For every Trades man his Calling will leave,  
And bright shining Armour resolves to receive.

The Weavers they throw by their Shuttle and Loom,  
Resolving to stand against treacherous *Rome*,  
Whose insolent Pride did their betters degrade,  
And oftentimes proved the ruin of Trade ;  
Therefore the brave weavers will now play their part,  
Vowing that *Mounsier* they'll vex to the heart.

The valliant Shoomakers in hundreds come,  
Resolving to follow the true Martial Drum,  
With flourishing Colours to enter the Field,  
Not fearing to make the proud Enemy yeild,  
The Bones of *St. Hugh* they do now bid adieu,  
As having a far greater work now to do.

## THE COURAGIOUS ENGLISH BOYS

The Butchers, the Dyers, the Hatters also,  
With undaunted Courage these valliantly go :  
Stout Lads that are season'd to laborious work,  
Well able to fight the proud *French* or the *Turk* ;  
In glittering Arms they resolve to appear,  
To make all our Enemies tremble for fear.

Not only in *London*, but every where  
They do to the Army in thousands repair,  
The *Cornwal* and *Devonshire* Boys are agreed,  
To make the proud Papists in *Flanders* to bleed ;  
And like valiant Souldiers they solemnly vow,  
To make the most Insolent *Catholicks* bow.

The *Dorset* and *Somerset* Boys too, we find,  
They are to a Protestant Monarch inclin'd ;  
And at his Command they will valiantly go,  
In order our Enemies to overthrow,  
They have not forgot their Relations of late,  
Who suffer'd under a great person of State.

Through every County all over the *West*,  
Their Loyalty to their good King is exprest,  
And under his Banner they'll fight till they dye,  
Or otherwise make our proud Enemies flye ;  
Their cause being good, they're void of all fear,  
Resolving to charge from the Front to the Rear.

'Tis very well known that they fear not the *French*,  
Nor will they retire to give back an Inch,  
But up to the face of the Enemy ride,  
To Curb and Subdue their Insolent Pride ;  
A touch of true Courage ere long they shall feel ;  
They'l chase them with swords of true tempered steel.

## WAR SONGS

Our Army makes *Lewis* to tremble and quake,  
He fearing that *Mons* we again will retake,  
Which we are resolved this Summer to do,  
And a farther Progress we still will pursue;  
With undaunted Courage, brave Boys, we'll advance,  
In order to conquer the Glory of *France*.

Renowned King *William*, of Conduct and Skill,  
With brave Sons of Thunder will follow them still;  
While Drums they are beating, and Trumpets do  
sound,

And Cannons like Thunder are tearing the Ground,  
The Glory and Power of *France* we disdain,  
King *William* in Triumph and Glory shall Reign.

From *Flanders* to *France*, Boys, we soon will repair,  
And Conquer that Nation, oppose us who dare,  
Their Castles, and Towers, and Cities subdue,  
And make the proud *Lewis* submit to us too;  
Whilst Conquering *William* with Lawrels is Crown'd,  
His fame and his name thro' the world shall go round.

## XXVII

### *The Haughs of Cromdale*

As I came in by Auchindown,  
A little wee bit frae the town,  
When to the Highlands I was boun',  
To view the haughs of Cromdale,  
I met a man in tartan trews,  
I speer'd at him what was the news;  
Quo' he, The Highland army rues  
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

## THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE

We were in bed, sir, every man,  
When the English host upon us came;  
A bloody battle then began

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The English horse they were sae rude,  
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,  
But our brave clans, they boldly stood

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,  
For o'er the hills we came away,  
And sore we do lament the day

That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,

Can you direct the nearest way?

For I will o'er the hills this day,

And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,

Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,

I say, direct the nearest way,

For I will o'er the hills this day,

And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,  
When great Montrose upon them came;  
A second battle then began,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Grant, MacKenzie, and M'Ky,

Soon as Montrose they did espy,

O then, they fought most valiantly!

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

## WAR SONGS

The M'Donalds they return'd again,  
The Camerons did their standard join,  
M'Intosh play'd a bloody game

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,  
M'Phersons, none could them controul,  
M'Lauchlins fought, like loyal souls,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Lean, M'Dougal, and M'Neil,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance,  
The Frasers fought with sword and lance,  
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
So boldly set upon their foes,  
And brought them down with Highland blows,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand, Cromwell's men,  
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,

The rest of them lies on the plain,

Upon the haughs of Cromdale.



## XXVIII

### *The Recruiting Officer ; Or, The Merry Volunteers*

HARK! now the Drums beat up again,  
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,  
Then let us list, and march I say,  
Over the Hills and far away;  
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,  
To *Flanders, Portugal, and Spain*,  
Queen *Ann* commands, and we'll obey,  
*Over the Hills and far away.*

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,  
To serve the Queen that's good and kind;  
Come list and enter into Pay,  
Then o'er the Hills and far away;  
*Over the Hills, &c.*

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,  
For those that Volunteers do come,  
With Shirts, and Cloaths, and present Pay,  
When o'er the Hills and far away;  
*Over the Hills, &c.*

Hear that, brave Boys, and let us go,  
Or else we shall be prest, you know;  
Then list and enter into Pay,  
And o'er the Hills and far away;  
*Over the Hills, &c.*

## WAR SONGS

The Constables they search about,  
To find such brisk young Fellows out,  
Then let's be Volunteers, I say,  
Over the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

Since now the *French* so low are brought,  
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,  
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay?  
When o'er the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

No more from sound of Drum retreat  
While *Marlborough* and *Gallaway* beat  
The *French* and *Spaniards* every Day,  
When over the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

He that is forc'd to go and fight  
Will never get true Honour by't,  
While Volunteers shall win the Day,  
When o'er the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,  
We all with Honour shall return.  
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,  
Over the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuse  
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes;  
For then he's free to sing and play,  
Over the Hills and far away;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

## THE RECRUITING OFFICER

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,  
We all shall live as great as Kings,  
And Plunder get both Night and Day,  
When over the Hills and far away ;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

We then shall lead more happy Lives,  
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,  
That Scold on both Night and Day,  
When o'er the Hills and far away :

*Over the Hills, &c.*

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see,  
We every one shall Captains be,  
To Whore and rant as well as they,  
When o'er the Hills and far away :

*Over the Hills, &c.*

For if we go 'tis one to Ten,  
But we return all Gentlemen,  
All Gentlemen as well as they,  
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

*Over the Hills, &c.*

## XXIX

### *The British Grenadiers*

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as  
these ;

But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none  
that can compare

With a tow row row row row row, for the British  
Grenadier.

## WAR SONGS

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,  
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their  
fears,

Sing tow row row row row row, for the British  
Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-  
grenades ;

We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies'  
ears,

Sing tow row row row row row, for the British  
Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over we to the town repair,  
The townsmen cry, hurrah, boys, here comes a  
Grenadier,

Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no  
doubts or fears,

Sing tow row row row row row, for the British  
Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd  
clothes ;

May they and their commanders live happy all their  
years,

With a tow row row row row row, for the British  
Grenadiers.

XXX

*Ralph's going to the Wars*

To the Wars I must alas

Though I do not like the Game,  
For I hold him to be an Ass,  
That will lose his Life for Fame:  
For these Guns are such pestilent things,  
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow;  
Four vurlongs off ch've heard zome zay,  
Ch'll kill a Man he knows not how.

When the Bow, Bill, Zword and Dagger,  
Were us'd all in vighting;  
Ch've heard my Father swear and swagger,  
That it was but a Flea-biting:  
*But these Guns, &c.*

Ise would vight with the best of our Parish,  
And play at Whisters with *Mary*;  
Cou'd thump the Vootball, yerke the Morrie,  
And box at Visticuffs with any:  
*But these Guns, &c.*

Varewel *Dick, Tom, Ralph* and *Hugh*,  
My Maypoles make all heretofore;  
Varewel *Doll, Kate, Zis* and *Zue*,  
For I shall never zee you more:  
For these Guns are such pestilent things.  
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow;  
Four vurlongs off ch've heard zome zay,  
Ch'll kill a Man he knows not how.

## WAR SONGS

### XXXI

#### *A Happy Memorable Ballad*

*On the Fight near Audenard, between the  
Duke of Marlborough, of Great Britain ;  
and the Duke of Vendosme, of France.  
As also the strange and wonderful  
Manner how the Princes of the Blood  
Royal of France, were found in a Wood.  
In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable  
Song commonly call'd Chevy-Chace*

God Prosper long our Gracious Queen,  
Our Lives and Safeties all;  
A woful Fight of late there did  
Near *Audenard* befall.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,  
Brave *Marlborough* took his Way;  
Ah! woe the Time that *France* beheld  
The Fighting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had Swore,  
*Vendosme* shou'd pay full dear,  
For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame  
Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,  
And chosen Men of Might;  
He with the *French* began to Wage  
A sharp and bloody Fight.

## A HAPPY MEMORABLE BALLAD

The gallant *Britains* swiftly ran  
The *French* army to Chase;  
On *Wednesday* they began to fight,  
When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had  
Ten Thousand *Frenchmen* slain;  
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,  
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,  
The nimble *French* to take;  
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,  
And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,  
In Hopes *Vendosme* to meet;  
When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*  
Fell at his Grace's Feet.

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,  
Into that Wood to shoot;  
If ever pity mov'd your Grace,  
But turn your Eyes and look:

See where the Royal Line of *France*,  
Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;  
And sure a Sight more pitious was  
Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,  
Like Wax before the Sun;  
To see their Glory at an end,  
E'er yet it was begun.

## WAR SONGS

Whenas our General found your Grace  
Wou'd needs begin to Fight:  
As thinking it would please the Boys,  
To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top  
Of yonder Church's Spire;  
Where they might see, and yet be safe  
From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,  
And kiss'd them e'er they went;  
Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,  
As if they knew th'Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,  
Soon as the Fight was done;  
But when he saw his Men give Ground,  
Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,  
As Babes wanting Relief;  
And long they wandered up and down,  
No Hopes to chear their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walked, 'till  
At last this Wood they spy'd;  
And when they saw the Night grow dark,  
They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,  
His Breast soft Pity beat;  
And so he straightway ordered  
His Men for to Retreat.



## A HAPPY MEMORABLE BALLAD

And now, but that my Pen is blunt,  
I might with ease relate;  
How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,  
Besides what found their Fate.

Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hannover*  
In Silence be forgot;  
Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,  
After his Horse was shot.

And what strange Chance likewise befel,  
Unto these Children dear;  
But that your Patience is too much  
Already tir'd, I fear.

And so God bless the Queen and Duke,  
And send a lasting Peace;  
That Wars and foul Debate henceforth  
In all the World may cease.

### XXXII

#### *Sherriff-Muir*

WILL ye go to Sheriff-muir,  
Bauld John o' Innisture,  
There to see the noble Mar,  
And his Highland laddies?  
A' the true men o' the north,  
Angus, Huntley, and Seaforth,  
Scouring on to cross the Forth,  
Wi' their white cockadies!

## WAR SONGS

There you'll see the banners flare,  
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,  
And the trumpet's deadly blare,  
    Wi' the cannons' rattle.  
There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,  
Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,  
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,  
    Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,  
A' the heroes o' the brigs,  
Raw hides and wither'd wigs,  
    Riding in array, man.  
Ri'en hose and ragged hools,  
Sour milk and girnin gools,  
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,  
    We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go to Sheriff-muir,  
Bauld John o' Innisture?  
Sic a day, and sic an hour,  
    Ne'er was in the north, man.  
Siccan sights will there be seen;  
And, gin some be nae mista'en,  
Fragrant gales will come bedeen,  
    Frae the water o' Forth, man.

### XXXIII

#### *The Battle of Sherriff-muir*

THERE'S some say that we wan,  
And some say that they wan,  
And some say that nane wan at a', man;  
But one thing I'm sure,  
That at Sherra-muir,  
A battle there was that I saw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran,  
And they ran, and we ran,  
But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

Argyle and Belhaven,  
Not frighted like Leven,  
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;  
For they all, with Wightman,  
Advanced on the right, man,  
While others took flight, being raw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,  
In order to share  
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man;  
Volunteerly to ramble  
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,  
Brave Hay did suffer for a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,  
With broadsword most bright,  
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;

## WAR SONGS

A hero that's bold,  
None could him withhold,  
He stoutly encountered the targemen;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
For the cowardly Whittam,  
For fear they should cut him,  
Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man;  
And that in such thrang,  
Made Baird edicang,  
And from the brave clans ran awa, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
The great Colonel Dow  
Gade foremost, I trow,  
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man;  
Except Sandy Baird,  
And Naughtan the laird,  
Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
Brave Mar and Panmure  
Were firm, I am sure,  
The latter was kidnapt awa, man;  
With brisk men about,  
Brave Harry retook  
His brother, and laughed at them a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
Brave Marshall and Lithgow,  
And Glengary's pith too,  
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,  
And Gordons the bright,  
So boldly did fight,  
That the red-coats took flight and awa, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

## THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR

Strathmore and Clanronald,  
Cried still, 'Advance, Donald,'  
Till both of these heroes did fa', man;  
For there was such hashing,  
And broadswords a-clashing,  
Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,  
Seaforth but lukewarm,  
Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man;  
And Hamilton pled  
The men were not bred,  
For he had no fancy to fa', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,  
Tullibardine was brisk,  
Whose father indeed would not draw, man,  
Into the same yoke,  
Which served for a cloak,  
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not feared,  
Kintore and his beard,  
Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,  
And brothers Balfours,  
They stood the first showers,  
Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan fought pretty,  
And Strowan the witty,  
A poet that pleases us a', man

## WAR SONGS

For mine is but rhyme,  
In respect of what's fine,  
Or what he is able to draw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
For Huntly and Sinclair,  
They both played the tinkler,  
With consciences black as a crow, man;  
Some Angus and Fife men,  
They ran for their life, man,  
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
Then Laurie the traitor,  
Who betrayed his master,  
His king and his country and a', man,  
Pretending Mar might  
Give orders to fight  
To the right of the army awa, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
Then Laurie for fear,  
Of what he might hear,  
Took Drummond's best horse and awa, man,  
'Stead of going to Perth,  
He crossed the Firth,  
Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.  
To London he press'd,  
And there he profess'd  
That he behav'd best o' them a', man;  
And so, without strife,  
Got settled for life,  
A hundred a-year to his fa', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

## THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR

In Borrowstounness  
He resides with disgrace,  
Till his neck stand in need of a thraw; man,  
And then in a tether  
He'll swing from a ladder,  
And go off stage with a pa', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy there stood watch  
On a hill, for to catch  
The booty, for aught that I saw, man;  
For he ne'er advanc'd,  
From the place he was stanc'd,  
Till no more was to do there at a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,  
And Moubray the wright,  
And Lethem the smith was a braw man,  
For he took a fit  
Of the gout, which was wit,  
By judging it time to withdraw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,  
Whose breeks were not clean,  
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man;  
By saving his neck,  
His trumpet did break,  
And came off without musick at a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,  
As ne'er in that place was,  
And as little chace was at a', man;

## WAR SONGS

From each other they run  
Without touk of drum,  
They did not make use of a paw, man  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran,  
Or we wan, or they wan,  
Or if there was winning at a', man;  
There no man can tell,  
Save our brave Genarell,  
Who first began running of a', man;  
And he ran, and they ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,  
And the Cock o' the North;  
But Florence ran fastest of a', man,  
Save the laird o' Phinaven,  
Who sware to be even  
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

### XXXIV

#### *How stands the glass around?*

How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound.

The trumpets sound,  
The colours they are flying, boys,  
To fight, kill, or wound;  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
On the cold ground.



## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

Why, soldiers, why?  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die?  
What—sighing? fie;  
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;  
'Tis he, you or I—  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain;  
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)  
'Tis but in vain,  
For soldiers to complain:  
Should the next campaign  
Send us to him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and kindly landlady, boys,  
Cure all again.

### XXXV

#### *Dumbarton's Drums*

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonnie-o,  
For they mind me of my dear Johnnie-o,  
How happy am I,  
When my soldier is by,  
When he kisses and blesses his Annie-o.

## WAR SONGS

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me-o,  
For his graceful looks do invite me-o:  
    While guarded in his arms,  
    I'll fear no war's alarms,  
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me-o.

My love is a handsome laddie-o,  
Genteel, but never foppish or gaudie-o;  
    Though commissions are dear,  
    Yet I'll buy him one this year;  
For he shall serve no longer a cadie-o.

A soldier has honour and bravery-o,  
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery-o;  
    He minds no other thing,  
    But the ladies and his king;  
For every other care is but slavery-o.

Then I'll be the captain's lady-o;  
Farewell all my friends and my daddie-o;  
    I'll wait no more at home,  
    But I'll follow with the drum,  
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready-o.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie-o,  
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie-o;  
    How happy I shall be  
    When on my soldier's knee,  
He kisses and blesses his Annie-o!

## XXXVI

### *Johnnie Cope*

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar :

‘Charlie, meet me an ye daur,

‘And I’ll learn you the art of war,

‘If you’ll meet me in the morning.’

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?

If ye were wauking I would wait,

To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie look’d the letter upon,

He drew his sword the scabbard from :

‘Come, follow me, my merry merry men,

‘And we’ll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.’

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

‘Now, Johnnie, be as gude’s your word :

‘Come, let us try baith fire and sword,

‘And dinna rin, like a frightened bird,

‘That’s chas’d frae its nest i’ the morning.’

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o’ this,

He thought it wadna be amiss

To have a horse in readiness

To flee awa i’ the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

‘Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin :

‘The Highland bagpipes make a din.

‘It’s best to sleep in a hale skin,

‘For ’twill be a bludie morning.’

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

## WAR SONGS

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'  
'The deil confound me gin I ken,  
'For I left them a' this morning.'  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

'Now, Johnnie, troth ye wasna blate,  
'To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
'And leave your men in sic a strait,  
'So early in the morning.'  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

'I' faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg  
'Wi' their claymores and philabegs.  
'If I face them again, deil break my legs!  
'So I wish you a gude-morning.'  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?  
Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
If ye were wauking I would wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

ADAM SKIRVING.

## XXXVII

### *Ode*

*Written in the beginning of the year 1746*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their Country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

ODE

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall a-while repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

XXXVIII

*Captain Barnard's Grenadier*

WE marched out of *Gloucester* the 19th of *June*,  
Colours being flying, and soldiers in full bloom ;  
Little did I think that my true love was so near,  
*My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's  
Grenadier.*

My father and my mother confin'd me in a room,  
I jump'd out of the window, and I went into the town ;  
It was my good fortune to meet with my dearest dear,  
*My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's  
Grenadier.*

My love goes to the Captain, so valiant and so bold,  
He is clothed all in scarlet, and laced round with gold ;  
I wash'd my love his linen, to please my dearest dear,  
*My heart was stole away by Captain Barnard's  
Grenadier.*

The lads love the music our Captain does command,  
They play such pleasant tunes all on our royal Band ;  
They play'd the sweetest marches that ever I did hear,  
*When I was in the grove with Captain Barnard's  
Grenadier.*

## WAR SONGS

'Tis in came *Timothy Clayton*, with his all-wooing drum,  
He swore he'd kiss the bonniest girl that was in all  
the room,  
With his shoes as black as jet, he's powder'd from  
ear to ear,  
*Yet she swore she'd go along with Captain Barnard's  
Grenadier.*

### XXXIX

#### *A Song in Praise of our Forces*

CHEAR up your hearts, bold *Britons*, our troops are now  
advancing,  
The rebels must retreat, or quickly die a-dancing;  
Brave Marshal *Wade* is at the head, to give us his  
command, Sir,  
The *Chevalier* you need not fear, we'll put him to  
a stand, Sir.  
  
The *Clans* they have begun it, to pillage and to  
plunder,  
I hope to see them run yet, when e'er our Cannons  
thunder;  
Then horse and foot, let's quickly to't, the country  
now doth call, Sir,  
To mend some brogues for *Highland* rogues, with  
powder and with ball, Sir.  
  
The time has been their own, for [our] want of good  
Commanders,  
And that will soon be known, by those that come  
from *Flanders* :

## A SONG IN PRAISE OF OUR FORCES

Our *British* foot are hard put to't, to march through  
mud and mire!

But all agreed they'll not be rid, by Capucheens and  
Friars.

Although the nights are cold, not very fit for camping,  
The troops will march up bold, being always us'd  
to tramping;

The Blues and Buffs are old and tough, the Greens  
they ne'er will start, Sir,

The Yellow boys don't fear no noise, [with] their  
Colours ne'er will part, Sir.

Therefore let us prepare, and be ready for a Battle,  
We'll see their [backs] bare, when once our Cannons  
rattle;

The *Yorkshire* Blue are bold and true, brave gentlemen,  
no doubt, Sir,

When e'er 'tis o'er, you'll hear more, what they  
have been about, Sir.

### XL

#### *A New Song*

*Call'd the Duke of Cumberland's Victory  
over the Scotch Rebels at Cullodon-  
Moor near Inverness. Made  
by a Soldier who was in  
the Engagement*

You Subjects of *Britton*, now you may rejoice,  
And pray for King *George* with heart and voice.  
The Popish Pretender has now run away,  
Just like his old Daddy no longer could stay.

## WAR SONGS

The brave Duke of *Cumberland* he did command,  
And happy was we that had such a Hand,  
He greatly encouraged his Soldiers that Day,  
And it was our care his Command to obey.

We followed the Rebels thro' dirt and thro' mire,  
And for to come up with them was our desire;  
At length we did wade through the fresh River *Spey*,  
And when we come over they still run away.

We still advanc'd after them during four days,  
Over mountains, thro' rivers, and many rough ways;  
At length we came up with them near *Inverness*,  
And there we quickly put them to distress.

They had thirteen Pieces of Cannon that Day,  
Which quickly upon us began for to play;  
Our Cannon we turned it, and levell'd it so true,  
We made all the Rebels begin to look blue.

They thought to come in upon Us sword in hand,  
But as we was ordered, we firmly did stand;  
We poured in our small Shot so, when they drew nigh,  
That many fell dead, and the rest they did fly.

They was in such haste they their Cannon did leave,  
And then the *Pretender* did weep and did grieve;  
They left all their Baggage, their haste it was such,  
And their Amunition, which grieved them much.

Our Light-horse and Dragoons they did closely  
pursue,  
With Broad Swords and Pistols great numbers they  
slew,  
The ground it was covered with wounded and slain;  
So, *Popish* Pretender, thy hopes are in vain!



## A NEW SONG

Three thousand that Day we laid dead on the ground,  
Besides many skulking in Cabbins we found;  
And many deserted, their kale-yards to set,  
Which put the *Pretender* into a great fret.  
Altho' they had got an Assistance from *France*,  
The brave Duke of *Cumberland* made them to dance,  
He took many Prisoners, and blasted their hope,  
For he was not commanded by General *Cope*.  
To hang all the Rebels you have my consent,  
Because with a good King they are not content;  
The World it is come to a very bad Pass,  
For they want to have *Britton* be ruled by an Ass.  
Let each Loyal Subject then fill up a Glass,  
And drink to King *George* and about let it pass;  
And when your hand's in, let your Liquor not stand,  
But fill up another to brave *Cumberland*.  
For He's a Commander couragious and bold,  
In following the Rebels he will not be controul'd;  
I wish he may always have Health and Success,  
For such a Commander is a great Happiness.

### XLI

#### *The Battle of Almanza*

Down by a chrystal river side,  
I fell a weeping;  
To see my brother soldier dear,  
Upon the ground lie bleeding.  
It was from the Castle of Vino,  
We marched on Easter Sunday;  
And the battle of Almanza,  
Was fought on Easter Monday.

## WAR SONGS

Full twenty miles we marched that day,  
Without one drop of water ;  
Till we poor souls were almost spent,  
Before the bloody slaughter.

Over the plain we marched along,  
All in the line of battle ;  
To the beat of drums and colours flying,  
And thundering cannons' rattle.

Brave Gallaway, our General,  
Cry'd, ' Fight on ! while you may ;  
Fight on ! brave-hearted Englishmen,  
You're one to five this day.

' Hold back ! nor make the first attack,  
'Tis what they do desire :  
But when you see my sword I draw,  
Let each platoon give fire.'

We had not marched some paces three,  
Before the small shot flew like thunder ;  
Hoping that we should get the day,  
And likewise all the plunder.

But the Dutch fell on with sword in hand,  
And that was their desire ;  
' Thirty-five squadrons of Portuguese,  
They ran and ne'er gave fire.

The Duke of Berwick, as I have been told,  
He gave it out in orders,  
That if the army should be broke,  
To give the English quarters.

## THE BATTLE OF ALMANZA

‘Be kind unto my countrymen,  
For that is my desire;  
With the Portuguese do as you please,  
For they will soon retire.’

Now to conclude and make an end  
Of this my dismal story,  
One hundred thousand fighting men  
Have died for England’s glory.

Let no brave soldier be dismayed  
For losing of a battle;  
We have more forces coming on  
Will make Jack Frenchman rattle.

### XLII

#### *Hot Stuff*

COME, each death-doing dog who dares venture his  
neck,  
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;  
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail,  
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;  
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough:  
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them  
Hot Stuff.

Up the River St. Lawrence our troops shall advance,  
To the Grenadiers’ March we will teach them to dance.  
Cape Breton we have taken, and next we will try  
At their capital to give them another black eye.  
Vaudreuil, ’tis in vain you pretend to look gruff,—  
Those are coming who know how to give you Hot  
Stuff.

## WAR SONGS

With powder in his periwig, and snuff in his nose,  
Monsieur will run down our descent to oppose;  
And the Indians will come: but the light infantry  
Will soon oblige *them* to betake to a tree.

From such rascals as these may we fear a rebuff?  
Advance, grenadiers, and let fly your Hot Stuff!

When the forty-seventh regiment is dashing ashore,  
While bullets are whistling and cannons do roar,  
Says Montcalm: 'Those are Shirley's—I know the  
lappels.'

'You lie,' says Ned Botwood, 'we belong to  
Lascelles'!

Tho' our cloathing is changed, yet we scorn a powder-  
puff;

So at you, ye beggars, here's give you Hot Stuff.'

EDWARD BOTWOOD.

### XLIII

#### *Bold General Wolfe*

BOLD General Wolfe to his men did say,  
Come, come, my lads, and follow me,  
To yonder mountains that are so high,  
All for the honour, all for the honour, of your King  
and country.

The French are on the mountains high,  
While we poor lads in the valleys lie;  
I see them falling like moths in the sun,  
Thro' smoke and fire, thro' smoke and fire, all from  
our British guns.

## BOLD GENERAL WOLFE

The first volley they gave to us,  
Wounded our general in his left breast;  
Yonder he sits, for he cannot stand,  
Fight on so boldly, fight on so boldly, for whilst  
I've life I'll have command.

Here is my treasure lies all in gold,  
Take it and part it, for my blood runs cold;  
Take it and part it, General Wolfe did say,  
You lads of honour, you lads of honour, who made  
such gallant play.

When to old England you do return,  
Pray tell my parents I am dead and gone,  
And tell my tender old mother dear,  
Not to weep for me, not to weep for me, it is  
a death I wish to share.

It is sixteen years since I first began,  
For the honour of George our King;  
Let our commanders do as I've done before,  
Be a soldier's friend, be a soldier's friend, and boys  
they'll fight for evermore.

## XLIV

### *The White Cockade*

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
But now he made our hearts fu' sad,  
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving blade!  
O he's a brisk and bonny lad!  
Betide what may, my heart is glad  
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

## WAR SONGS

O leeze me on the philabeg,  
The hairy hough and garten'd leg!  
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e  
Is the white cockade aboon the brae.

O he's a ranting, roving blade! &c.  
I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,  
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,  
A braidsword, durk, and white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving blade! &c.  
I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,  
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,  
That every loyal Scottish lad  
May take the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving blade!  
O he's a brisk and bonny lad!  
Betide what may, my heart is glad  
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

## XLV

### *The Dashing White Sergeant*

IF I had a beau,  
For a soldier who'd go,  
Do you think I'd say no?

No, no, not I;  
When his red coat I saw,  
Not a sigh would it draw,  
But I'd give him *éclat*

For his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

## THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT

When my lover he has gone,  
Do you think I'd take on,  
Sit moping, forlorn?

No, no, not I.

His fame my concern,  
How my bosom would burn  
When I saw him return

Crowned with victory!

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

### XLVI

#### *High Germany*

'Oh Polly love, Oh Polly, the rout has now begun,  
And we must march along by the beating of the drum;  
Go dress yourself all in your best, and come along  
with me,

I'll take you to the war that's in High Germany.'

'O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,  
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away;  
And, besides, my dearest Harry, I am in love with  
thee,

I'm not fitted for the cruel wars in High Germany.'

'I'll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall  
ride,

And all my delight shall be riding by your side;  
We'll call at every ale house, and drink when we  
are dry,

So quickly on the road, my boys, we'll marry by  
and by.'

## WAR SONGS

‘O cursèd were the cruel wars that ever they should  
rise!

And out of merry England pressed many a lad like-  
wise;

They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my  
brothers three,

And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.’

### XLVII

#### *Boadicea*

WHEN the British warrior Queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country’s gods—

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief:  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage, and full of grief.

‘Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
’Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

‘Rome shall perish!—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt:  
Perish, hopeless and abhorr’d,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

‘Rome, for empire far renown’d,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!



## BOADICEA

‘Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier’s name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize  
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew  
None invincible as they.’

Such the bard’s prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow;  
Rush’d to battle, fought, and died,  
Dying, hurl’d them at the foe.

‘Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestow’d,  
Shame and ruin wait for you!’

WILLIAM COWPER.

## WAR SONGS

### XLVIII

#### *I am a Son of Mars*

I AM a son of Mars who have been in many wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;  
'This here was for a wench, and that other in a  
trench,

When welcoming the French at the sound of the  
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his  
last,

When the bloody die was cast on the heights of  
Abram ;

I served out my trade when the gallant game was  
play'd,

And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the  
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,

And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;

Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,

I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and  
leg,

And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my vallet, my bottle and my  
callet,

As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

## I AM A SON OF MARS

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter  
shocks,  
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,  
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,  
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the  
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

## XLIX

### *A Soldier for me—*

A SOLDIER, a soldier, a soldier for me—

His arms are so bright,  
And he looks so upright,  
So gallant and gay,  
When he trips it away,

Who is so nice and well-powdered as he?

Sing rub a dub rub, a dub rub a dub; a dub a dub  
dub dub:—

Thunder and plunder!

A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,

He cuts such a flash,  
With his gorget and sash,  
And makes such ado,  
With his gaiter and queue.

Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid?

Sing rub a dub, &c.

## WAR SONGS

Or else when he's mounted, so trim and so tall,  
With broadsword in hand,  
The whole town to command,  
Such capers, such prances,  
Such ogling, such glances,  
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall,  
Sing taran tantaran; tantaran tantaran tan—  
Trumpet and thump it,—  
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me!

### L

#### *Bruce to his men at Bannockburn*

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

## BRUCE TO HIS MEN

By oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

## LI

### *The Blue Bell of Scotland*

OH where, and oh where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon  
the throne;  
And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!

Oh where, and oh where, does your Highland laddie  
dwell?  
He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue  
Bell;  
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland  
laddie clad?  
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of  
the plaid;  
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.  
Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die?  
The bagpipes shall play over him, and I'll lay me down  
and cry;  
And it's oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.

## WAR SONGS

### LII

#### *Bonnet o' Blue*

AT Kingston-upon-Waldy, a town in Yorkshire,  
I lived in great splendour and free from all care,  
I rolled quite in riches, had sweethearts not a few,  
I was wounded by a bonny lad and his bonnet o' blue.

There came a troop of soldiers as you now shall  
hear,  
From Scotland to Waldy abroad for to steer;  
There is one among them I wish I ne'er knew;  
He's a bonny Scotch laddie wi' bonnet o' blue.

I cannot find rest, contentment has fled,  
The form of my true love will run in my head,  
The form of my true love still keeps in my view,  
He's a bonny Scotch lad in his bonnet o' blue.

Early in the morning arising from bed,  
I called upon Sally my own waiting maid  
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do;  
To seek out the lad and his bonnet o' blue.

So quickly she dressed me and quickly I came  
To mingle with persons to hear my love's name,  
Charles Stewart they called him, I felt it was true;  
Once a prince of that name wore a bonnet o' blue.

My love he marched by with a gun in his hand,  
I strove to speak to him but all was in vain,  
I strove to speak to him away then he flew—  
My heart it was with him and his bonnet o' blue.

## BONNET O' BLUE

She says, 'My dear laddie, I'll buy your discharge,  
I'll free you from soldiers, I'll let you at large,  
I'll free you from soldiers, if your heart will prove  
true,

And I'll ne'er cast a stain on your bonnet o' blue.'

He says, 'My dear lassie, you'll buy my discharge,  
You'll free me from soldiers, and let me at large?  
For your very kind offer, I bow ma'am to you,  
But I'll ne'er wear a stain in my bonnet o' blue.

'I have a sweet girl in my own country town,  
Who I ne'er would forsake though poverty frown,  
I ne'er will forsake the girl that proves true,  
And I'll ne'er wear a stain in my bonnet o' blue.'

I will send for a limner from London to Hull,  
To draw my love's picture out in the full,  
I'll set it in my chamber all close in my view,  
And I'll think on the lad whose heart proved so true.

## LIII

### *The Valiant Dragoon*

My Father is a Knight,  
And a Knight of high Renown,  
If I should wed a Soldier,  
It will pull his Honour down.  
Your Birth, and my Birth,  
It never will agree,  
So take it for a warning,  
Bold Soldier, said she.

## WAR SONGS

No warning, no warning,  
    No warning I'll take,  
I will either live or die  
    For my true lover's sake.  
Then hearing of these words,  
    Made her heart for to Bleed,  
They went into the church,  
    And was married with speed.  
  
As they was Returning,  
    From the church back again,  
Then she Espy'd her Father,  
    With seven armed men.  
I fear, says the Lady,  
    We both shall be slain,  
I fear none of them all,  
    Says the valliant Dragoon.  
  
Strike up, my dearest Jewel,  
    This is no time to prattle,  
Yon see they're all fixed,  
    And ready for the Battle.  
The Dragoon took his broad sword,  
    And made their bones to rattle,  
The Lady Held the Horse,  
    While the Dragoon fought the Battle.  
  
O hold your hand, dear Dragoon,  
    O hold your hand I pray,  
For you shall have my daughter,  
    Ten thousand pounds in hand.  
Strike up, says the Lady,  
    Your portion is too small,  
So hold your hand, dear Dragoon,  
    For that shall not be all.



## THE VALIANT DRAGOON

Come all you young Ladies,  
That has money in store,  
Do not dispise a Soldier,  
Because they're poor.  
For they are men of courage bold,  
They wear the honoured crown,  
So we give a health to George our King,  
And the valiant Dragoon.

### LIV

#### *The Disappointed Lady*

YE blooming young damsels give ear to my song,  
'Tis of a gay lady both charming and young;  
She fancied a soldier so gallant and free,  
And vowed in her heart that his bride she would be.  
When she saw this young man on his way to parade,  
She called him aside and to him she said—  
'I am a young lady, if you fancy me,  
Your discharge I will purchase; and that speedily.  
'For you are the man that I feel I adore—  
'Tis for you that young Cupid has wounded me sore;  
A lady I am and my fortune is great,  
I'll make you the master of all my estate.'  
'Dear honoured lady,' this young man did say,  
'I know not how soon we'll be marching away,  
For we must obey when the rout, love, does come,  
By the sound of a fife and the beat of a drum.'  
I'll away to my halls and there will I mourn,  
Yet, hoping that soon the dear lad will return,  
Neither noble nor squire my favour shall gain;  
For my soldier that's absent a maid I'll remain.

## WAR SONGS

LV

### *Who'll serve the Queen*

'WHO'LL serve the queen?' cried the sergeant aloud ;

Roll went the drum, and the fife played sweetly ;

'Here, master sergeant,' said I, from the crowd,

'Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely.'

My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade ;

Of women, wine, and gunpowder he never was afraid,

He'd march, fight, left, right !

Front flank ! centre rank !

Storm the trenches, court the wenches,

Loved the rattle of a battle,

Died in glory, lives in story !

And, like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth  
and rough,

A very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

'Hold up your head,' cried the sergeant at drill,

Roll went the drum, and the fife played loudly.

'Turn out your toes, sir !' Says I, 'Sir, I will ;'

For a nimble-wristed round rattan the sergeant  
flourished proudly.

My father died when corporal, but I ne'er turned my  
back,

Till promoted to a halbert, I was sergeant in a  
crack.

In sword and sash cut a dash ;

Spurr'd and booted, next recruited,

Hob and Clod, awkward squad,

Then began my rattan !

When boys unwilling came to drilling.

## WHO'LL SERVE THE QUEEN

Till made the colonel's orderly, then who but I, so  
bluff,

Led a very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

'Homeward, my lads!' cried the general, 'huzza!'

Roll went the drum, and the fife played cheerly.

To quick-time we footed, and sung all the way,

'Hey, for the pretty girls we all love dearly!'

My father lived with jolly boys, in bustle, jars, and  
strife,

And, like him, being fond of noise I mean to take  
a wife.

Soon Miss blushes y—i—s

Rings, gloves, dears, loves,

Bells ringing, comrades singing,

Honeymoon, finished soon!

Scolding, sighing, children crying!

Yet still a scolding wife may prove, if taken smooth  
and rough,

A very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

T. DIBDIN.

## LVI

### *Hohenlinden*

ON Linden when the sun was low, .

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,

And dark as winter was the flow

Of Iser rolling rapidly!

But Linden show'd another sight

When the drum beat at dead of night,

Commanding fires of death to light

The darkness of her scenery.

## WAR SONGS

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
    To join the dreadful revelry!  
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
    Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
    Of Iser rolling rapidly!  
'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
When furious Frank and fiery Hun,  
    Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens: on, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
    And charge with all thy chivalry.  
Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
    Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LVII

*The Soldier's Dream*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had  
lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## WAR SONGS

### LVIII

#### *To the Battle, Men of Erin*

To the battle, men of Erin,  
To the front of battle go;  
Every breast the shamrock wearing  
Burns to meet his country's foe.  
What though, France, thine eagle standard  
Spreading terror far and nigh,  
Over Europe's skies hath wander'd  
On the wings of victory—  
Yet thy vauntings us dismay not,  
Tell us when ye, hand to hand,  
Ever stood the charging bay'net  
Of a right true Irish hand.  
Erin, when the swords are glancing  
In the dark fight, loves to see  
Foremost still her plumage dancing,  
To the trumpet's jubilee.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### LIX

#### *Upon the Plains of Flanders*

UPON the plains of Flanders  
Our fathers long ago,  
They fought like Alexanders,  
Beneath old Marlborough;  
And still in fields of conquest,  
Our valour bright has shone,  
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,  
And Moore and Wellington.

## UPON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS

Our plumes have waved in combats,  
That ne'er shall be forgot,  
Where many a mighty squadron,  
Reel'd backwards from our shot.

In charges with our bayonet,  
We led our bold compeers ;  
But Frenchmen like to stay not  
For British Grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimeira,  
They hoped to play their parts ;  
And sing fal, lira, lira,  
To cheer their drooping hearts.  
But English, Scotch, and Paddy whacks,  
We gave three hearty cheers ;  
And the French soon turned their backs  
To the British Grenadiers.

At St. Sebastian,  
And Badajos' town,  
Though raging like volcanoes,  
The shell and shot came down.  
With courage never wincing,  
We scaled the ramparts high,  
And waved the British ensign  
In glorious victory.

But what could Bonaparte,  
With all his Curassiers,  
In battle do, at Waterloo,  
With British Grenadiers ?  
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat  
That march into our ears,  
Whose martial roll awakes the soul  
Of the British Grenadiers.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## WAR SONGS

### LX

#### *Song*

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more :  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near;  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## LXI

### *Reveillé*

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,  
 Honour ne'er was won in sleeping;  
 Never when the sunbeams still,  
 Lay unreflected on the hill;  
 'Tis when they are glinted back  
 From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
 That they promise future story,  
 Many a page of deathless glory;  
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
 Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up—the morning beam  
 Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
 Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,  
 Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;  
 The early student ponders o'er  
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.  
 Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame,  
 Thy study, conquest—war thy game;  
 Shield that should be a foeman's terror,  
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain,  
 More paltry still the sportman's gain;  
 Vainest of all the student's theme,  
 Ends in some metaphysic dream;  
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,

## WAR SONGS

And each is eagerer in his aim  
Than he who barter life for fame:  
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror,  
Be thy bright shield the morning mirror.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### LXII

*The Bold Dragoon ;*  
*Or, The Plain of Badagos, 1812*

'TWAS a Maréchal of France, and he fain would  
honour gain,  
And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal  
from Spain ;  
With his flying guns this gallant gay,  
And boasted corps d'armée—  
O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long swords,  
boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Major come, he had quietly sat down,  
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd  
the town,  
When, 'twas peste ! morbleu ! mon general,  
Hear the English bugle-call !  
And behold the light dragoons, with their long  
swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,  
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled  
through the wall ;

## THE BOLD DRAGOON

They took no time to seek the door  
But, best foot set before—

O they ran from our dragoons, with their long  
swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled  
a mile,

When on their flank there soused at once the British  
rank and file ;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then  
Ne'er minded one to ten ;

But came on like light dragoons, with their long  
swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand  
reel,

Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords  
of Sheffield steel,

Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,  
And Beresford them led ;

So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long swords,  
boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford,  
to Long,

And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my  
song :

The eagles that to fight he brings  
Should serve his men with wings

When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long  
swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

## WAR SONGS

### LXIII

#### *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons !  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel-blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar ;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges :  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded :

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## LXIV

### *Battle of Waterloo*

ON the 16th day of June, my boys, in Flanders  
where we lay,  
The bugle did the alarm sound, before the break of  
day;  
The British, Belgians, Brunswickers, and Hanoverians  
too,  
They Brussels left that morning for the plains of  
Waterloo.

By a forced march we did advance, till three in the  
afternoon,  
Each British heart with ardour burned to pull the  
tyrant down,

## WAR SONGS

Near Quatre-Bras we met the French, their shape  
to us seemed new,  
For in steel armour they were clad, for the plains  
of Waterloo.

Napoleon to his soldiers said, before that they began,  
'My heroes, if we lose the day, our nation is undone;  
The Prussians we've already beat, so we'll beat the  
British too,  
And display victorious eagles on the plains of Waterloo.'

Our immortal leader Wellington no speech to us did  
make,  
We were Peninsula heroes, and oft had made them  
shake—

At Vittoria, Salamanca, Toulouse, and Burgos too;—  
They beheld their former conquerors on the plains  
of Waterloo.

In bright array Britannia stood, and viewed her sons  
that day,  
Then to her much loved hero went, and thus to  
him did say,—

'If you the wreath of laurel twist from your opponent's  
brow,  
Through ages all you shall be called the Prince of  
Waterloo.'

The bloody fight it then began, and the cannons they  
did roar,  
We being short of cavalry, they pressèd us full sore,  
Three British cheers we gave them, with volleys not  
a few,  
Which made them wish themselves in France, and  
far from Waterloo.

## BATTLE OF WATERLOO

For full four hours or longer we sustained this bloody  
fray,  
And during a long darksome night upon our arms  
we lay;  
The order of our General, next day we did pursue,  
We retired in files, for near six miles, to the plains  
of Waterloo.

This day both armies kept their ground, when scarce  
a shot was fired,  
The French did boast a victory gained, because we  
had retired;  
This noble act of generalship them from their strong-  
holds drew,  
Where we got some share, by fighting fair, on the  
plains of Waterloo.

On the 18th, in the morning, both armies did advance,  
On this side stood brave Albion's sons, on that the  
pride of France;  
The fate of Europe in our hands, each man his sabre  
drew,  
And, 'Death or Victory!' was the word on the plains  
of Waterloo.

Upon our right they did begin, Prince Jerome led  
the van,  
With Imperial Guards and Cuirassiers, thought  
nothing could withstand:  
But British steel soon made them yield, though our  
numbers were but few,  
We prisoners made, but more lay dead, on the plains  
of Waterloo.

## WAR SONGS

Then to our left they beat their course, in disappointed  
rage,  
The Belgian line fought for a time, but could not  
stand the charge!  
There Caledon took up her drone, and loud her  
chanter blew,  
Played Marshal Ney a new strathspey to the tune  
of Waterloo.

Here's a health to George our Royal King, and  
long may he govern,  
Likewise the Duke of Wellington, that noble son of  
Erin!  
Two years they added to our time for pay and  
pension too,  
And now we are recorded as men of Waterloo.  
SERGEANT GRANT.

## LXV

### *Sahagun*

It was in quarters we lay as you quickly shall hear,  
Lord Paget came to us and bid us prepare,  
Saying, 'Saddle your horses, for we must march soon,  
For the French they are lying in the town of Sahagun.

We saddled our horses, and away we did go  
Over rivers of ice and mountains of snow,  
To the town of Sahagun our course we did steer,  
'Twas the 15th Hussars, my brave boys, never fear.



## SAHAGUN

We rode all that night until daylight did break,  
When eight of those French on a bridge we did take ;  
But two got away and rode off to Sahagun,  
To inform the French there that the English were  
come.

The French they turned out of the town of Sahagun,  
Well armed and well mounted, full nine hundred strong ;  
So long did they cry for Napoleon their king,  
But three cheers from the 15th made the vineyards  
to ring.

They formed themselves up, and the fight did begin,  
And thought to dismay our brave Englishmen ;  
With our glittering broadswords right on them we flew,  
They turned threes about and away they did go.

We soon overtook them as they rode at full speed,  
Cut through the brass helmets they wore on their heads ;  
'Have mercy! have mercy!' so loud did they cry,  
'Have mercy, you English! or else we must die.'

In the snow in the vineyards many Frenchmen lay  
dead,  
Three hundred were taken, the rest of them fled ;  
Their colonel likewise was taken in the field,  
'Twas the 15th Hussars made the Frenchmen to  
yield.

Lord Paget came to us, and thus he did say,  
'I thank you, brave 15th, for your valour this day,  
Come, dismount your horses, and feed every one,  
And we shall be ready to fight them again.'

## WAR SONGS

The 21st of December was a glorious day,  
When three hundred of the 15th made the French  
run away;

Although they consisted of nine hundred and more,  
'Twas the 15th Hussars, my brave boys, never fear.

The Spaniards turned out of the town of Sahagun,  
With bread in their hands, and large jugs of wine;  
With hearts full of joy no language could express,  
Saying, 'Long live the English and down with the  
French.'

Here's a health to our colonel, and long may he live,  
Likewise to our men, and our officers brave;  
With a full flowing bowl we'll drink and we'll sing  
Success to the 15th, and God save the King.

### LXVI

#### *The Battle of Naseby*

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment  
all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which  
ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we  
trod;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and  
the strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints  
of God.

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses  
shine,

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long  
essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the  
Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his  
sword,

The general rode along us to form us to the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into  
a shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line !

For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !

For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the  
Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his  
drums,

His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;

They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes,  
close your ranks ;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We  
are gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the  
blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the  
right !

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to  
the last.

## WAR SONGS

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground.

Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar,

And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your search secure;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven  
and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your  
blades,

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your  
oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds  
and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the  
crown,

With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of  
the Pope;

There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's  
stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom; the bishop rends his  
cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's  
ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of  
England's sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the  
Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

## WAR SONGS

### LXVII

#### *The Song of the Western Man*

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !

A merry heart and true !

King James's men shall understand

What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?

And shall Trelawny die ?

There twenty thousand Cornish men

Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he :

'If London Tower were Michael's hold,

We'll set Trelawny free !

'We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,

The Severn is no stay,

With "one and all", and hand in hand,

And who shall bid us nay ?

'And when we come to London Wall,

A pleasant sight to view,

Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,

Here's men as good as you !

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,

Trelawny he may die ;

But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,

Will know the reason why !'

R. S. HAWKER.

## LXVIII

### *The Burial of Sir John Moore*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

## WAR SONGS

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

### LXIX

#### *The Cavalier's Song*

A STEED ! a steed of matchlesse speed,  
A sword of metal keene !  
All else to noble heartes is drosse,  
All else on earth is meane.  
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,  
The rowlinge of the drum,  
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,  
Be soundes from heaven that come ;  
And O ! the thundering presse of knightes  
Whenas their war cryes swell,  
May tole from heaven an angel brighte,  
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants, all,  
And don your helmes amaine :  
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call  
Us to the field againe.



## THE CAVALIER'S SONG

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye  
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—  
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe  
For the fayrest of the land!  
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,  
Thus weepe and puling crye,  
Our business is like men to fight,  
And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### LXX

#### *The Hundred Pipers*

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
Oh! it's owre the Border awa, awa,  
It's owre the Border awa, awa,  
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
Wi' their tartans, kilts an' a', an' a',  
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,  
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
Will they a' return, our Highland men?  
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,  
And mothers grat when they marched away.

yetts] gates.      grat] wept.

## WAR SONGS

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?  
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?  
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah !  
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,  
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly ;  
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.  
The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,  
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep,  
Twa thousands swam owre to fill English ground,  
And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw ;  
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw ;  
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',  
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
    Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
    Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
    We'll up and give them a blaw, a blaw,  
    Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

LADY NAIRNE.

### LXXI

#### *The Onset*

#### *A Battle Song*

SOUND an alarum ! The foe is come !  
I hear the tramp—the neigh—the hum,  
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum :  
                                    Huzzah !  
Sound ! The blast of our trumpet blown  
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone :  
What ! shall we shake at a foe unknown ?  
                                    Huzzah !—Huzzah !

## THE ONSET

Have we not sinews as strong as they?  
Have we not hearts that ne'er give way?  
Have we not GOD on our side to-day?

Huzzah!

Look! They are staggered on yon black heath!  
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!  
Now is your time, men,—Down like Death!  
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!  
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!  
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!  
Huzzah!

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!  
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!  
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!  
Huzzah!—Huzzah!  
BARRY CORNWALL.

## LXXII

### *The Bivouac*

Now that we've pledged each eye of blue,  
And every maiden fair and true,  
And our green island home—to you  
The ocean's wave adorning,  
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra!  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
When squadrons square  
Will all be there  
To meet the French in the morning.

## WAR SONGS

May his bright laurels never fade,  
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,  
Those lads so true in heart and blade,  
    And famed for danger scorning;  
So join me in one hip, hurra!  
And drink e'en to the coming day,  
    When squadrons square  
    Will all be there  
To meet the French in the morning.

And when with years and honours crowned,  
You sit some homeward hearth around,  
And hear no more the stirring sound  
    That spoke the trumpet's warning;  
You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra!  
And pledge the memory of the day  
    When squadron square  
    They all were there  
To meet the French in the morning,

CHARLES LEVER.

## LXXIII

### *The Irish Dragoon*

OH, Love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon,  
In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—

From the tip of his spur to his bright sabertasche.  
With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,  
His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,  
He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,  
He springs in his saddle and *chassés* the French—  
With his jingling spurs and his bright sabertasche.

## THE IRISH DRAGOON

His spirits are high, and he little knows care,  
Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.  
As ready to sing, or to skirmish he's found,  
To take off his wine, or to take up his ground;  
When the bugle may call him, how little he fears  
To charge forth in column, and beat the Mounseers—

With his jingling spurs and his bright sabertasche.  
When the battle is over, he gaily rides back  
To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—

With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.  
Oh! there you may see him in full glory crown'd,  
As he sits 'mid his friends on the hardly-won ground,  
And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,  
As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—

With his jingling spurs and his bright sabertasche.

CHARLES LEVER.

### LXXIV

#### *A March*

DREARY East winds howling o'er us;  
Clay-lands knee-deep spread before us;  
Mire and ice and snow and sleet;  
Aching backs and frozen feet;  
Knees which reel as marches quicken,  
Ranks which thin as corpses thicken;  
While with carrion birds we eat,  
Calling paddle-water sweet,  
As we pledge the health of our general, who fares  
as rough as we:  
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led to death  
by such 'as he?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## WAR SONGS

### LXXV

#### *Cavalier Tunes*

##### I. *Marching Along*

###### I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,  
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:  
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
Marching along, fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

###### II

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles  
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous  
parles!  
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup  
Till you're—

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

###### III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell  
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!  
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!  
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

(Chorus) *Marching along fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

## CAVALIER TUNES

### IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls  
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!  
Hold by the right, you double your might;  
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,  
(*Chorus*) *March we along, fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

### 2. Give a Rouse

#### I

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!

#### II

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
Who raised me the house that sank once?  
Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
Who found me in wine you drank once?  
(*Chorus*). *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!*

#### III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
By the old fool's side that begot him?  
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
While Noll's damned troopers shot him!  
(*Chorus*). *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!*

## WAR SONGS

### 3. *Boot and Saddle*

Boot, saddle, to horse and away!  
Rescue my castle before the hot day  
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey.

(Chorus). *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;  
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,  
'God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

(Chorus). *'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundhead's array:  
Who laughs, 'Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

(Chorus). *'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'*

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,  
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, 'Nay!  
'I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

(Chorus). *'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'*

ROBERT BROWNING.

## LXXVI

### *The War Song of Dinas Vawr*

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter;  
We therefore deemed it meet  
To carry off the latter.  
We made an expedition;  
We met an host and quelled it;  
We forced a strong position,  
And killed the men who held it.



## THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

On Dyfed's richest valley,  
Where herds of kine were browsing,  
We made a mighty sally,  
To furnish our carousing.  
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;  
We met them, and o'erthrew them:  
They struggled hard to beat us;  
But we conquered them and slew them.  
As we drove our prize at leisure,  
The King marched forth to catch us;  
His rage surpassed all measure,  
But his people could not match us.  
He fled to his hall-pillars;  
And, ere our force we led off,  
Some sacked his house and cellars,  
While others cut his head off.  
We there, in strife bewildering,  
Spilt blood enough to swim in:  
We orphaned many children,  
And widowed many women.  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen;  
The heroes and the cravens,  
The spearmen and the bowmen.  
We brought away from battle,  
And much their land bemoaned them,  
Two thousand head of cattle,  
And the head of him who owned them:  
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,  
His head was borne before us;  
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,  
And his overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

## WAR SONGS

### LXXVII

#### *The Deserter*

As I wandered down Ratcliffe Highway  
The recruiting party came beating that way;  
They enlisted me and treated me, till I did not know;  
Then to the Queen's barracks they forced me to go.

When first I deserted I thought myself free  
When my cruel comrade informed against me;  
I was quickly followed after, and brought back with  
speed,  
I was handcuff'd and guarded, heavy irons on me.

Court martial, court martial they held upon me,  
And the sentence they passed was three hundred  
and three.  
May the Lord have mercy on their souls for their  
sad cruelty,  
For now the Queen's duty lies heavy on me.

Then again I deserted and thought I was free,  
When my cruel sweetheart informed against me,  
I was quickly followed after, and brought back with  
speed,  
I was handcuff'd and guarded, heavy irons on me.

Court martial, court martial was very soon got,  
And the sentence they passed was that I should  
be shot.  
May the Lord have mercy on their souls for their  
sad cruelty,  
For now the Queen's duty lies heavy on me.

## THE DESERTER

Then up rode Prince Albert in his coach and six :  
‘Bring to me that young man whose death it is  
fixed.  
Release him from his irons and let him go free,  
For he’ll make a clever soldier for his Queen and  
country !’

### LXXVIII

#### *The Drummer*

My name it is Dick, I’m no quarrelsome blade,  
Yet beating and thumping about is my trade.  
I pelt well the skin, and belabour the head ;  
Strike my friends all with love, and my foes all  
with dread

With row de dow, &c.

Tho’ fond of my parents, I thought it a treat,  
With a couple of sticks, Daddy Mammy to beat.  
And yet all the time it was giving them bread ;  
With rolls in the morning, and rolls going to bed.

With row de dow, &c.

Tho’ not very knowing, I’ve something to say ;  
I’ve commanded some thousands, led thousands astray.  
I’ve caused mighty slaughter with sword and with  
gun—

Tho’ intent upon mischief, I’m still full of fun.

With row de dow, &c.

I rattle along, sometimes here, sometimes there—  
At a playhouse, a church, at a wake, or a fair ;  
Sometimes at a wedding, sometimes at a grave—  
I’m the dread of the coward, the pride of the brave.

With row de dow, &c.

## WAR SONGS

With my dashing cockade, how the whapstraws I  
take—

Tho' crusty I am, I can get a soft cake;  
And because these young wenches may not for them  
sigh,

I enlist them as well with the roll of my eye.

With row de dow, &c.

Since the Army and Navy our bulwarks have been,  
Here's success to them both, and long life to our  
Queen;

And may brave daring spirits promotion ne'er lack—  
Getting stripes on their arms, 'stead of stripes on  
the back.

With row de dow, &c.

THOMAS RAMSAY.

## LXXIX

### *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!  
hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,

The ladies they will all turn out,

We'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bells will peal with joy, hurrah!  
hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah! hurrah!

The village lads and lasses say,

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching  
home.

## JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Both old and young of each degree, hurrah ! hurrah !  
Will run the hero for to see, hurrah ! hurrah !

The lads and lasses on the green,  
So merrily dancing will be seen,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching  
home.

He will tell us of the deeds he's done, hurrah !  
hurrah !

And all the battles he has won, hurrah ! hurrah !  
And how he made the foe to fly,  
When death and victory was the cry,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching  
home.

Get ready for the Jubilee, hurrah ! hurrah !  
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah ! hurrah !  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching  
home.

Let love and friendship on that day, hurrah ! hurrah !  
The choicest treasures then display, hurrah ! hurrah !  
And let each one perform some part,  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching  
home.

## WAR SONGS

### LXXX

#### *The Bold Dragoon*

OH! there was an ancient fair, and she loved a neat  
young man,

And she could not throw shy looks at him but only  
through her fan;

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
Her quizzing-glass, her leer and sidle,

O! she loved a bold dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle,

Whack, row de dow dow, fal lal lal de dadle,  
Whack, row de dow dow, fal lal de da.

She had a rolling eye,—its fellow it had none;

Would you know the reason why? 'Twas because  
she had but one.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
She couldn't keep her one eye idle,—

O! she leered at this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle,

Whack, row de dow dow, &c.

Now, he was tall and thin,—she, squab and short  
was grown;

He look'd like a mile in length,—she, just like a  
mile-stone.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
Her quizzing-glass, her leer and sidle,

Oh! she sigh'd to this dragoon, 'Bless your long  
sword, saddle, bridle!'

Whack, row de dow dow, &c.

## THE BOLD DRAGOON

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn,  
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely  
nose and chin.

Oh! then such winks!—in marriage links  
The four-foot bride from church did sidle,  
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle,  
Whack, row de dow dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd, when he laid her  
under ground ;  
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and touch'd  
ten thousand pounds.

For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,—  
He does not let her cash lie idle.  
So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle,  
Whack, row de dow dow, &c.

## LXXXI

### *The Twentieth of September, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-four*

COME all you gallant British, that love the Red and  
Blue,  
And drink the health of those brave lads who made  
the Russians rue :  
Then fill the glass, and let it pass, three times and  
three times more,  
For the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

## WAR SONGS

We sailed from Kalamita Bay, and soon we made  
the coast,

Determined we would do our best, in spite of brag  
or boast.

We sprung to land, upon the strand, and slept on  
Russia's shore,

On the Fourteenth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

We marched along until we came upon the Alma's  
banks,

We halted just beneath their lines to breathe and  
close our ranks.

'Advance!' we heard, and at the word, across the  
brook we bore

On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

We scrambled through their clustering grapes, then  
came the battle's brunt;

Our officers all cheered us on, our colours waved in  
front;

Then, fighting well, full many fell, alas! to rise no  
more,

On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

The French they had the right that day, and flanked  
the Russian line,

Whilst full upon their front they saw the British  
bayonets shine,

We gave three cheers, which stunned their ears, amidst  
the cannons' roar,

On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.



## THE TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER

A pic-nic party Menschikoff had asked to share the  
fun,

The Ladies came at twelve o'clock to see the battle  
won,

They found the day too hot to stay, and the Prince  
felt rather sore,

On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

For when he called his carriage up, the French  
came up likewise,

And so he took French leave at once, and left to  
them the prize.

The Chasseurs took his pocket-book, the Zouaves  
they sacked his store,

On the Twentieth of September, Eighteen-hundred  
Fifty-four.

A letter to old Nick they found, and this was  
what it said,

'To meet their bravest men, my Liege, your Russians  
do not dread';

But devils then, not mortal men, the Russian generals  
swore,

Drove them off the heights of Alma in September  
Fifty-four.

Here's a health to noble Raglan, to Campbell, and  
to Brown,

And to all the gallant Frenchmen who shared that  
day's renown.

Whilst we displayed the black cockade, and they  
the tri-colour,

The Russian hue was black and blue in September  
Fifty-four.

## WAR SONGS

One more toast we must drink to-night,—your glasses  
take in hand,—

And here around the festive board in solemn stillness  
stand ;

Before we part, let each true heart drink once to  
those no more,

Who fought their fight on Alma's height in September  
Fifty-four.

And now, God bless our gracious Queen, and all  
her royal race !

And may her boys, to crown her joys, still keep the  
foremost place ;

For in the van each Englishman oft saw their sires  
of yore,—

Brave Cambridge showed the royal road in September  
Fifty-four.

JOHN BROWN.

## LXXXII

### *God Defend the Right*

HURRAH ! we grip the tyrant now,

And there's no heart so lowly,

But burns to strike a battle blow,

And win a cause so holy !

The brave look fearless in the eyes

Of death, nor cry him quarter ;

And grand promotion waits them, boys,

Who fall by land or water.

## GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT

Today the ancient valour starts,  
And the spirit of old story,  
Shall flash from our heroic hearts,  
And kindle England's glory.  
Wild voices wail across the sea,  
They cry from many a woe-land,—  
Revenge! remember Sinope!  
Revenge! remember Poland!

Now, soldiers, up to conquest stride,  
Let not one spirit falter,  
For Victory is your plighted bride,  
The breach your solemn altar.  
Thick are the graves on Alma, see  
What costly seed lies sleeping!  
God! but thy sun should stand, while we  
That harvest field are reaping.

Now sailors fight your ships today,  
As Grenville fought the Spaniard!  
If battle's bloodiest game they play,  
Have at them grip and poniard;  
One thrilling shout for England, ho!  
Then naked for the fight, men,  
Dash in like fire upon the foe,  
And God defend the right, men!

## WAR SONGS

### LXXXIII

#### *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

##### *Balaclava*

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!' he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    All the world wonder'd :  
Plunged in the battery smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke ;  
    Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke  
    Shatter'd and sunder'd ;  
Then they rode back, but not,  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
    Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
O, the wild charge they made !  
    All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made !  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
    Noble six hundred !

LORD TENNYSON.

## WAR SONGS

### LXXXIV

#### *The Soldier to his Rifle*

I'VE shouldered you all the world over,  
March'd with you in quick time and slow,  
And though I have been such a rover,  
You're still the best weapon I know.

To the centre full surely a bullet  
At eight hundred yards you will send;  
Your trigger whenever I pull it,  
Feels just like the touch of a friend.

You saved my life in the Crimea,  
When a Russian took aim at my head;  
And the blacks didn't like the idea  
Of the grease on your bullets of lead.

The Chaplain he wants to convert me,  
'Sir, my rifle converted,' says I,  
'Shoots better, so if it don't hurt me,  
You're perfectly welcome to try.'

But I fear he'll find it a puzzle  
To do it, however he may say;  
For I always shall load at the muzzle  
(If I can, at least) three times a day.

So here's luck to your bayonet and barrel,  
Here's luck to your sights and your stock;  
When I fight in Her Majesty's quarrel,  
May I hold you as firm as a rock.

LXXXV

*The Forlorn Hope*

THE siege it has lasted long enough,  
And a breach it has been made,  
And this night we must take the town,  
By assault or escalade,  
Brave boys, by assault or escalade.

Our gen'ral he must have the place,  
Before tomorrow's dawn;  
And our captain dear does volunteer  
To lead the hope forlorn,  
Brave boys, to lead the hope forlorn.

It's little he's flinched from, shot or shell,  
And he's always in the van;  
For his true love she died in the early spring,  
And he's a desp'rate man,  
Brave boys, and he's a desp'rate man.

When he mounts the parapet steep and tall,  
With guns and muskets lined;  
We, his company, all to a man will fall,  
Or follow close behind,  
Brave boys, or follow close behind.

## WAR SONGS

### LXXXVI

#### *The Private of the Buffs*

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,  
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before.  
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
Bewildered, and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,  
He only knows, that not through *him*  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,  
Like dreams, to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
One sheet of living snow ;  
The smoke, above his father's door,  
In gray soft eddyings hung :  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doomed by himself, so young ?



## THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by.  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons.  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his Soul was great.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

## LXXXVII

### *The Red Thread of Honour*

ELEVEN men of England  
A breastwork charged in vain;  
Eleven men of England  
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.  
Slain, but of foes that guarded  
Their rock-built fortress well,  
Some twenty had been mastered,  
When the last soldier fell.

## WAR SONGS

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way

Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,  
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,  
Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,  
Mistook a mandate, from afar half-heard,  
And, in that glorious error, calmly went  
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply,  
Above those daring dead ;  
'Bring here,' at length he shouted,  
'Bring, quick, the battle thread.

Let Eblis blast for ever  
Their souls, if Allah will :  
But we must keep unbroken  
The old rules of the Hill.

'Before the Ghiznee tiger  
Leapt forth to burn and slay ;  
Before the holy Prophet  
Taught our grim tribes to pray ;  
Before Secunder's lances  
Pierced through each Indian glen ;  
The mountain laws of honour  
Were framed for fearless men.

'Still, when a chief dies bravely,  
We bind with green *one* wrist --  
Green for the brave, for heroes  
ONE crimson thread we twist.  
Say ye, oh gallant hillmen,  
For these, whose life has fled,  
Which is the fitting colour,  
The green one or the red ?'

## THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

‘Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear  
Their green reward,’ each noble savage said :  
‘To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,  
Who dares deny the red?’

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,  
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came ;  
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height  
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly  
Down on those daring dead ;  
From his good sword their heart’s blood  
Crept to that crimson thread.

Once more he cried, ‘The judgment,  
Good friends, is wise and true,  
But though the red *be* given,  
Have we not more to do?’

‘These were not stirred by anger,  
Nor yet by lust made bold ;  
Renown they thought above them,  
Nor did they look for gold.

To them their leader’s signal  
Was as the voice of God :  
Unmoved and uncomplaining,  
The path it showed they trod.

‘As, without sound or struggle,  
The stars unhurrying march,  
Where Allah’s finger guides them,  
Through yonder purple arch,  
These Franks, sublimely silent,  
Without a quickened breath,  
Went, in the strength of duty,  
Straight to their goal of death.

## WAR SONGS

'If I were now to ask you  
To name our bravest man,  
Ye all at once would answer,  
They called him Mehrab Khan.  
He sleeps among his fathers,  
Dear to our native land,  
With the bright mark he bled for  
Firm round his faithful hand.  
The songs they sing of Roostum  
Fill all the past with light;  
If truth be in their music,  
He was a noble knight.  
But were those heroes living,  
And strong for battle still,  
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum  
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?'  
And they replied, 'Though Mehrab Khan was brave,  
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;  
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,  
Which these have never done.'  
'Enough!' he shouted fiercely;  
'Doomed though they be to hell,  
Bind fast the crimson trophy  
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.  
Who knows but that great Allah  
May grudge such matchless men,  
With none so decked in heaven,  
To the fiends' flaming den?'  
Then all those gallant robbers  
Shouted a stern 'Amen!'  
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,  
They raised his mangled ten.

## THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

And when we found their bodies  
Left bleaching in the wind,  
Around BOTH wrists in glory  
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,  
Rung, like an echo, to that knightly deed,  
He bade its memory live for evermore,  
That those who run may read.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

## NOTES

THE songs and ballads have been arranged in chronological order of composition, where the dates could be discovered; and if there has been a choice of alternatives, the preference has generally been given to the contemporary rather than to the merely literary poem. The ballads have been derived mainly from the broadside collections of the Bodleian and British Museum libraries—Douce, Wood, Rawlinson, Roxburghe, Bagford, &c.; from Percy's *Reliques*, Evans's *Old Ballads*, and the other usual sources. The publications of the Ballad Society have of course been extremely useful, and I am greatly indebted to the editors for permission to print the text of several ballads. I wish to express my especial gratitude to Professor C. H. Firth for leave to use his most interesting collection of broadsides and for his advice in the choice of ballads; and to Mr. Frank Sidgwick, Mr. Joseph Hall, Mr. C. J. Sharp, and Messrs. Macmillan for their courtesy in allowing me to use the texts of ballads and songs. The following editions have been followed:—Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 6 vols., 1719; *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, 4th ed., London, 1794, 3 vols.; *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, edited by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, London, 1867, 3 vols.; James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, 1819, 2 vols., and *Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, edited by Charles Mackay, LL.D., 1861; *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, W. Chappell, 1855-7, 2 vols., and the later edition, *Old English Popular Music*, Wooldridge, 1893; *The Book of Battle Songs*, collected by Cyril Fanshawe,

## NOTES

1858; *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*, by W. H. Logan, Edinburgh, 1869; *Soldier's Songs*, collected by A. Wyatt-Edgell, London, 1871; *War Songs of Britain*, selected by Harold E. Butler, London, 1903; *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*, edited by Frank Sidgwick; the *Folk Song Society Journal*, *Notes and Queries*, &c.

I. Laurence Minot's eleven poems are in the Cottonian Collection, Galba E. ix. f. 52 a, and were first printed by Ritson in 1795. The present text is taken from Mr. Joseph Hall's edition (Clarendon Press, 1897), with his kind permission: and the curious reader is recommended to study these two poems with Mr. Hall's notes and introductions. It is impossible to make them fully intelligible here; a few notes must suffice. The first poem was 'probably written soon after the defeat of the Scots at Halidon Hill' (July 19, 1333).

l. 2. 'Ye were too eager.'

l. 3. 'There slew ye many innocent, as it was sene.'

l. 7. St. John's town is Perth.

l. 13. 'Striflin,' Stirling.

l. 19. 'Rughfute riving,' rough-footed brogue, a nickname. 'The riving, or rullion, is a kind of makeshift boot cut out of raw hide.'

l. 22. 'Brug,' Bruges. So, too, l. 25.

l. 24. 'Donde,' Dundee.

l. 33. i. e. indulges in empty talking.

2. The Sea Fight at Sluys, which took place on June 24, 1340. Mr. Hall says that the stanza beginning with l. 15 should probably be transferred, to follow l. 62 or l. 70.

l. 7. i. e. Philip of Valois was distressed.

l. 8. Hugues Quiéret.

l. 17. Sluse, province of Zeeland.

l. 27. Blankenberghe in West Flanders.

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l. 27. 'St. Ions night,' the eve of St. John's Day,  
i. e. June 23rd.

l. 33. about three p.m.

l. 40. 'bold of body to offer (his body) in battle.'

3. The text is that of Mr. Frank Sidgwick in his *Popular Ballads*; and he uses the Cotton MS., Cleopatra C. iv, of the middle of the sixteenth century, printed in the fourth edition of Percy's *Reliques*, i. 18, and the Harleian MS. 293 printed by Percy in the first edition. The battle was fought on August 10, 1388.

St. i. 2. 'When husbandmen get in their hay.'

St. ii. 1. 'Robert Stuart, second son of King Robert II.' Percy.

St. iii. Ottercaps-hill, Rothby Crag, Green Leyton, are all in Northumberland.

St. xxiv. 'he could not give me my fill (of defeat).' Sidgwick.

St. xxv. 2. 'to see if it were false.'

4. Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads*. From a MS. in the Bodleian (Ashmole 48), of the latter half of the sixteenth century, partly written in the hand of Richard Sheale, a minstrel of Tamworth. Cf. Percy, i. 1. The other version, Chevy Chase, is a broadside form, impaired and rewritten. It may be found in Percy, Pepys, Douce, Roxburghe, Bagford, &c.; and was referred to in the *Spectator*, 70 and 74. See an important note on the ballad in *N. and Q.* 3rd ser. xii. 123.

St. v. 3. 'byckarte,' bickered, i. e. attacked the deer.

St. viii. 1. 'blewe a mort,' blew a note on the bugle to signalize the death of a deer.

St. x. 2. i. e. shaded his eyes with his hand.

St. xlv. 2. i. e. till the point reached the wood of the bow.

St. lxiii. 4. The battle of Homildon Hill fought on Sept. 14, 1402. Cf. 1 *King Henry IV*, i. 1.



## NOTES

5. From 'A new Enterlude of Vice, concerning the Historie of Horestes', 1567. See Collier's *Dramatic History* (1879), ii. 416. It is to the tune of 'Over the water to Florida'.

The phrase 'with hay trym and tryxy too' is clearly of the same nature as the 'hay trix, trim-go-trix, under the greenwood tree' in the chorus of 'The Paip, that pagan full of pride'. For the interpretation of it cf. *N. and Q.* 4th ser. iii. 241, 322, 412.

In l. 9 'golden cheates' were loaves of wheaten bread of the second quality, made of flour more coarsely sifted than that used for 'Manchet', the finest quality. (*Oxford Dictionary.*)

6. From Humfrey Gifford's *Posie of Gillyflowers*, 1580. A. B. Grosart's edition, 1870.

7. From *Polyhymnia*, a masque performed before the Queen on Nov. 17, 1589. Cf. Segar's *Honour, Military and Civill*, bk. iii. ch. 54, and Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810, vol. iv. p. 48.

8. The text is that of Percy, ii. 219, 'from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture'. There are several variations in the *Percy Folio MS.* and in Bagford, i. 311.

Mary Ambree was not apparently an historical character; but the ballad was very popular, and Percy records references to it in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene*, Act 4. Sc. 2; in the *Tale of a Tub*, Act 1. Sc. 1; in the masque *The Fortunate Isles*; and in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act 5. Modern critics do not identify her with the 'English Mall' of *Hudibras*, I. iii. 365.

9. *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 4; Wood, 401. 67; *Douce Ballads*, i. 123; Percy, ii. 224. Mr. Ebsworth gives

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1587 or 1588 as the probable date, and suggests that the ballad is by the same author as Mary Ambree.

‘Calliver men’ is ‘Cavalier men’ in Douce.

10. The text is that of *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 402, said to be copied from the 1678 edition of Deloney’s *Garland of Good Will*, but differing slightly from the Percy Society reprint, vol. xxx. 1851, which has ‘advancèd’ in the first line. See also the *Percy Folio MS.* iii. 454.

Cadiz was taken on June 21, 1596; ‘the most brilliant military exploit,’ said Macaulay, ‘that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim.’ The ‘Lord Admiral’ of line 5 was Lord Howard of Effingham.

The ballad, with its vivid and accurate detail, was perhaps written by an eye-witness and included in the first edition of Deloney’s *Garland of Good Will* in 1596, mentioned by Thomas Nash.

11. From Deloney’s *Strange Histories*, 1607, reprinted by Percy Society, vol. iii. 1841. Also in Evans’s *Old Ballads*. The ballad was written after 1603 (not by Deloney, who was dead in 1600), and was sung to the tune of ‘The King going to Parliament’, i. e. James I.

12. From *Deuteromelia*, 1609. Also in Dufey, 1698. See Wooldridge, i. 133.

13, 14, 15. There is only space for three of the many ballads of Agincourt (Oct. 25, 1415), and the omissions include the ‘Agincourte Battell,’ ‘A counsell brave our King did hold,’ *Percy Folio MS.* i. 158, Evans’s *Old Ballads*, ii. 79, and the ballad of ‘King Henry V, his Conquest of France, in revenge for the Affront offered by the French King; in sending him (instead of the Tribute) a ‘Ton of Tennis Balls’, beginning ‘As our King lay musing in his bed’.

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The 'English Bowman's Glory', or 'Three Man's Song', is reprinted from Collier's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. 538; cf. *Percy Folio MS.* i. 595. The first stanza was quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV*, ed. 1600. In Collier's black-letter copy of about 1665 the last line was 'Rare English women'; but Collier suggested that the printer was misled by the 'wench' just above. See *N. and Q.* 2nd ser. ii. 349. 'For the Victory at Agincourt' is in Percy, ii. 25; but his version, from the Pepys Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, is probably a copy of a MS. in the Bodleian. See Wooldridge, i. 25.

16. From *The Mad Lover*, first published in 1647. It is probably written by John Fletcher, who died in 1625.

17. Percy, ii. 326. The song is attributed to Sir John Suckling himself or to Sir John Mennis. The 'campaign' was in 1639. I have ventured to alter one line slightly.

18. *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 651.

19. Wood, 401. 132. 'In the two Valiant *Welchmen*, who fought against fiteene thousand *Scots*, at their now comming to *England* passing river *Tyne*; whereof one was kill'd manfully fighting against his foes, and the other being taken Prisoner, is now (upon relaxation) come to Yorke to his Majestie. The tune is *How now Mars*, &c.' Presumably this ballad refers to the expedition to Scotland in 1640.

20. Percy, iii. 279. Written to Lucy Sacheverel, who, hearing that Lovelace had died of his wound at Dunkirk, married another man. See Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, vol. iii. 462.

21. *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 651; *Douce Ballads*, ii. 195; *Merry Drollery*, 1661, p. 4; Durfey, v. 65.

Mardike, the key to Dunkirk, was taken in Sept.

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1656, and this ballad was written shortly afterwards. Ebsworth suggests Samuel Butler as the author. Pepys, in his diary for Feb. 4, 1659, says: 'Here Swan showed us a ballad to the tune of *Mardike*, which was most incomparably wrote in a printed hand.' Bellona's Brewer is Cromwell, and the Cobler is Colonel Hewson (cf. the next song).

22. Wood, 401. 167, dated 1659. The song appeared in *Merry Drollery* and in the *Dancing Master*, 1665. See Wooldridge, ii. 5. The song is considerably altered in Durfey, vi. 190: and in a few instances corrections are here made from that version.

23. Durfey, iii. 129; Chappell, ii. 447; and Wooldridge, ii. 32. It was attributed to Samuel Butler, and printed in his posthumous works, and in *Westminster Drollery*, 1672, ii. 48. Sir Geoffrey Peveril quotes it in *Peveril of the Peak*.

24. *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 616; *Douce Ballads*, iii. 51; Hogg, i. 28; Ritson, Mackay, &c. The battle was fought on July 27, 1689. The 'Butter-box' were the Dutch soldiers; and the last line of the third stanza means 'That led them such a dance'. 'Furich' means 'confusion caused by haste' (Ebsworth). The two last stanzas in Highland dialect seem to have been added; and in the Douce version there is yet another, urging 'Ghentlemen and Cavaleers' to help to 'root out the Dutch Recruit'.

25. Durfey, v. 8; *Bagford Ballads*, i. 323. It is merely a specimen chosen from the numerous Amazonian ballads; and was no doubt published immediately after the siege of Cork, which was taken on Sept. 29, 1690.

26. *Bagford Ballads*, i. 381. It appears that the song was originally published in the *Royal Garland of Protestant Delight* in 1689; and was re-issued with

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appropriate allusions and four extra stanzas in its present form immediately after the capture of Mons, on April 1, 1691.

The bones of St. Hugh were the shoemaker's tools : and in l. 36, the 'great person of state' refers to the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685.

27. Apparently two songs ; the first twenty lines give a true account of the defeat of the Highlanders at Cromdale on May 1, 1690 ; the rest was added, by 'a bard partial to the clans', about the battle of Andearn, won by Montrose and the clans in 1645. Hogg, i. 3 ; Mackay, p. 28.

28. Durfey, v. 319. Written by Farquhar between 1698 and 1705, in imitation of P. A. Motteux's song, 'Jockey met with Jenny fair,' which has the chorus, 'Tis o'er the hills and far away ; the wind has blown my plaid away.'

29. Chappell, i. 152 ; Logan, &c. The song cannot be older than 1678, when the Grenadier Company was formed, nor later than 1714, when hand-grenades were discontinued. Cf. no. 59.

30. Durfey, v. 137.

31. Durfey, vi. 4.

32. Hogg, i. 149 ; Wyatt-Edgell, p. 57.

33. Hogg, ii. 1 ; Mackay, p. 89. Attributed by Burns to the Rev. Murdoch M'Lellan, and sung to an ancient tune called 'John Patterson's Mare'. 'Florence' was the Marquis of Huntly's mare. The 'Cock o' the North' was the Duke of Gordon.

34. Said to have been sung by Wolfe in camp on the eve of the assault on Quebec, and often attributed to him as an impromptu. But it seems to be almost certain that the words, as well as the tune, were known at least as

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early as 1729. Cf. Wooldridge, ii. 134; *N. and Q.* 4th ser. vi. 321.

35. Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1733, and Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* of the same year.

36. Hogg, ii. 111; Mackay, p. 181, &c. The battle was fought on September 21, 1745. There are two 'sets' of the song, and the tune was old, 'Hye to the hills in the morning,' which may have suggested the last line of the chorus; or perhaps 'to gang to the coals in the morning' merely means to rise early. Sir John Cope was unanimously absolved from blame by a council of officers, and died May 28, 1760.

38. *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 308. Date, c. 1746. Cf. Ingeldew's *Yorkshire Ballads*, p. 30.

39. *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 307. Date, not earlier than November 1745. Culloden was fought April 16, 1746.

40. *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 624. Though it is said to be sung to the tune of 'The Earl of Essex', neither of the tunes known by this name suits the rhythm of the present ballad.

41. Logan, p. 82, from a broadside of about 1760. The French and Spaniards under the Duke of Berwick defeated the Confederates under the Marquis das Minas and the Earl of Galway, at Almanza, in Spain, April 25, 1707, New Style.

42. Botwood was a sergeant of Lascelles's regiment, the 47th. He wrote this song on the eve of the expedition to Quebec; and was killed in the first attack on the French camp. Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), ii. 234 (Macmillan). Air, 'Lilies of France.'

43. From Professor Firth's Collection.

44. Hogg, ii. 41; Mackay, p. 118. Burns wrote a slightly different version, adapting it from Herd's

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*Scottish Songs*, 1776. The popularity of the song was largely due to the melody.

46. *Folk Song Society Journal*, vi. 25, reprinted by kind permission of Mr. C. J. Sharp. Cf. Baring Gould's *A Garland of Country Song*, no. 2, for another version, 'Abroad as I was walking, awalking along,' and a note on the words. The date of this version is about 1780.

47. Written in 1780.

48. From the *Jolly Beggars*, written perhaps in 1786, anyhow before 1793. The heights of Abram refer, of course, to Quebec, 1759; El Moro, a castle defending the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, was stormed by the British in August, 1762. Sir Roger Curtis was Admiral 1746-1816.

49. *Military Song Book*, 1865, p. 82. From the *Humming Bird*, Canterbury, 1786. There is another song of the same title and similar purpose in Professor Firth's Collection, beginning 'From my cradle a soldier was all my delight'.

50. Written in 1796.

51. Composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan, in 1800 or 1801. Cf. *N. and Q.* 1st ser. vi. 124. It was adapted from an earlier song by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

52. Logan, p. 101.

53. From a broadside, printed by T. Wise, in Professor Firth's Collection, the text being very slightly altered. In a Victorian version in the same collection there are fifty armed men. 'He dismounted his horse, left it again the wall, Come on, says the bold dragoon, and I will fight you all.' Then, 'Hold your hand, bold Dragoon, and lay your broadsword down: Then you shall have my daughter, and fifty thousand pounds: Fight on, said the lady, my portion is but small. O hold your

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hand, bold dragoon, and you shall have it all.' There is another still more corrupt version in the *Folk Song Society Journal*, iii. 108, beginning, 'Come, all you Maids of Honour.'

54. Logan, p. 100. From a broadside printed at the end of the eighteenth century.

60. Song from *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto I, xxxi, written in 1810.

61. Reveillé from *The Betrothed*, ch. xix.

64. Logan, p. 106; Wyatt-Edgell, p. 30.

65. Wyatt-Edgell, p. 62, 'A song of the 15th Hussars sung every Dec. 21st'. The battle was fought in 1809.

66. Published in 1824 in *Knight's Magazine*, but not republished by the author for many years.

67. The following note was appended by the author to this song in *Cornish Ballads and other Poems* :—

'With the exception of the choral lines :

"And shall Trelawny die ?

Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen

Will know the reason why !"

and which have been ever since the imprisonment, by James the Second, of the seven bishops, one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny, a popular proverb throughout Cornwall, the whole of this song was composed by me in the year 1825. I wrote it under a stag-horned oak, in Sir Beville's Walk, in Stowe Wood. It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper, and there it attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at East Bourne, under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay,



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and by Mr. Dickens, who inserted it at first as of genuine antiquity in his "Household Words", but who afterwards acknowledged its actual paternity in the same publication.'

72, 73. From *Charles O'Malley*, 1840.

75. *Dramatic Lyrics*, 1842.

77. *Folk Song Society Journal*, v. 234. It is printed by Such and Catnach. Probably it is really a Georgian song.

81. Corporal John Brown, of the Grenadier Guards, wrote and sang this song on Sept. 28, 1854, at Balaclava. Fanshawe, p. 370; Wyatt-Edgell, p. 34; Logan, p. 106.

82. Professor Firth's Collection.

84. Wyatt-Edgell, p. 14.

85. Wyatt-Edgell, p. 10.

86. First published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. iii. 1860-61.

87. 'Told to the Author by the late Sir Charles James Napier.' *The Return of the Guards*, 1866. Truckee, 'a stronghold in the Desert, supposed to be inaccessible and impregnable.'

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